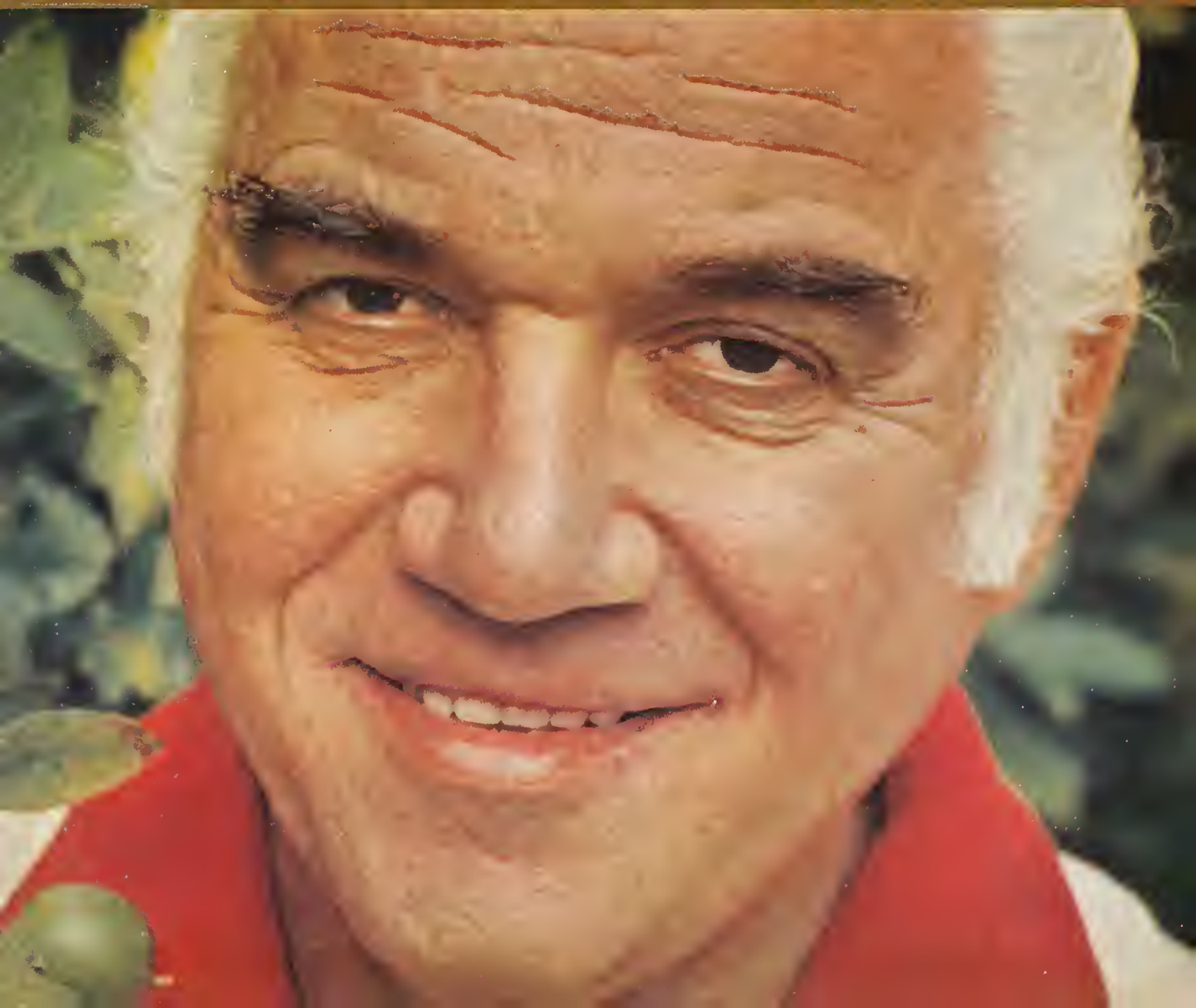
WHY YOUR HOUSE COSTS TOO MUCH

SUMMER SWIMWEAR: SKIN IS IN / HOW THE U.S. COULD RUIN US

MACLEAN'S

MAY 1967 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 25¢

LORNE GREENE: THE SWEET LIFE OF BONANZA'S BIG DADDY



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Worrying about retirement? Don't *Do* something about it. Now. With Scotiabank Six-year Savings Certificates. Now, while you're still earning, put a specific amount away every month in Scotiabank Savings Certificates. When they mature in six years, you'll get it all back–plus a *full third more*. That's $100 for every $75 you invest now. To add to your other pension income. Or to re-invest to make more. So don't brood about retirement. Take charge of it now—with Scotiabank Six-year Savings Certificates. Your own welcome home-from-the-sea Money.

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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

MAY, 1967 VOLUME 80 NUMBER 5

Backstage in Alberta

Is Manning planning to corral Canada's Right?

WHAT WOULD happen if Alberta's Premier Ernest Manning were to lead his Social Crediters into the Conservative Party this summer?

This question, which a year ago might have sounded like the weirdest fantasy, has been a topic of serious speculation since Manning's speech to the Alberta Legislature March 17. Observers are convinced not only by the speech itself but by private intimations of the thought behind it, that Manning has become deeply concerned with federal politics. He is particularly worried by the fragmentation of right wing opinion in Canada, which he sees divided in four separate and self-frustrating groups — the right wing Tories, the right wing Grits, the Social Crediters, and the growing bloc of the disillusioned who have lost faith in all parties. This fragmentation creates the danger, in Manning's view, of a socialist take-over in Canada, not necessarily by the NDP but more probably by a left-dominated Liberal Party which would have the NDP as its opposition. The line of political contention would then run between left wing Liberals and NDP Socialists, or about 45 degrees to the left of what is now regarded as political Centre. Those whose thinking is to the right of Centre, whom Manning believes to be a substantial majority of voters, would thus be reduced to an impotent fringe group of elected representatives.

This is the threat Manning is concerned to avert, according to men who have talked to him recently. They don't know exactly what he plans to do about it (some think he doesn't quite know himself, yet) but they're convinced he will try to do *something*. As he himself said in his speech of March 17:

"The time has come, in the interests of Canada, when we should try to end the separation of people into conflicting factions, simply because they disagree on a few issues, when they do agree on the really important issues on which the welfare of their country and their community depends."

Manning made the speech in introducing a White Paper 100 pages long, which is a summary of the philosophy and a statement of the intent of his small-c conservative government. It embodies many humanitarian principles — priority for human resources over material resources, etc — but it also sounds some of the keynotes of managerial thinking. "We shall do everything in our power to maintain a political climate in which responsible private-enterprise investment capital will not be faced with threats of nationalization. . . . As a safeguard against inflationary pressures it is preferable that wages be related to productivity indices rather than to cost-of-living indices."

The White Paper is widely and no doubt correctly taken to be a manifesto for the provincial election that is imminent in Alberta. But it could equally well be a call to arms for Right-thinking people across Canada.

Manning has no illusions, his friends say, about the possibility of a nationwide resurgence by the Social Credit party itself. He knows this will not happen. Nationally, Social Credit still presents the image of crackpottery and economic witch-doctoring which it has borne for 30 years, and which Real Caouette and his wild men in Quebec have refurbished with an added tinge of French-Canadian nationalism. If the Right-thinking majority is to consolidate its strength some other political vehicle must be used — and what better than the party whose name includes the word "conservative"?



In the past 10 years this party has not been living up to its name, but now its leadership is about to change. Obviously 1967 is the year when the tone, philosophy and aim of the party will be determined for at least the next Parliament and perhaps for the next decade.

In purely political terms, 1967 is also a year of opportunity for right-wing consolidation. Federally the Social Crediters lost their last evangelist with the retirement of Robert Thompson from the national leadership. The only other Social Crediter from Alberta is Horace (Bud) Olson of Medicine Hat, a solid no-nonsense type whose hold on his riding is more personal than partisan and who could be warmly welcomed into either of the orthodox political parties. In the provincial field the converse is true — Conservatives have no seats at all and little hope of winning any, and the opposition (what little there is of it) all comes from the Left.

Premier Manning is by no means the only one who dreams of taking advantage of this situation to unify the Right. An informal group of rich Albertans, among whom the most prominent is Robert Brown of Home Oil, would be willing to finance a right-wing movement on a more lavish scale than the federal Conservatives have lately been able to enjoy. It is not known how far these negotiations have gone, nor even whether anything formal enough to be called negotiation has yet taken place, but it's certain that the mood is there.

Discussion does not turn on the assumption that Manning himself would seek the Conservative leadership. Observers think that while he might accept a draft he would be most unlikely to enter a contest for it — and a contest of some kind is certainly more probable. Manning and the western Right would simply move into a position of authority and influence that they do not now enjoy and from which they are excluded (partly at least) by the crackpot image of Social Credit. Instead of a so-called Conservative Party divided between eastern businessmen and western cowboys, they would restore a national party of genuine conservative opinion that could be supported for approximately the same reasons in all parts of Canada. They would also hope to staunch the wounds inflicted by Diefenbaker's removal, and diminish the danger that the now-solid midwest would renounce the Conservative Party (for its treacherous betrayal of The Chief) and elect instead a motley rabble of radicals.

Whether any of these plans will reach fruition, it is too soon to know. If they do, they could have important and even decisive effects on the Conservative leadership convention in September. BLAIR FRASER

Canada could erase measles by Christmas

But we won't — despite a mass U.S. immunization program with our vaccines

THIS YEAR the U.S. government has launched a public health program designed to eradicate measles by Christmas. Much of the research work on the vaccines that make this ambitious program possible was done in Canada at laboratories connected with the universities of Toronto and Montreal.

Ironically however, Canadian children will probably still be coming down with measles when the red spots are just a childhood memory south of the border. Current anti-measles campaigns in this country are as sporadic and spotty as the disease itself.

The problem with common or "red" measles is that it was never really very funny — despite the comic-strip jokes. In pre-vaccine days there were nearly 54 000 reported cases a year in Canada and a significant percentage



CANADA WIDE SERVICES

The painful shot that wipes out the red spots.

of these resulted in such complications as middle-ear infections, mental retardation, deafness or blindness. Between 1956 and 1965 there were 894 measles deaths in this country.

The U.S. program, co-ordinated and largely financed by Washington, will attempt to vaccinate every American child aged one to seven with a one-shot live but attenuated vaccine that confers life-long immunity. By the time two-thirds or more of the children in any community are immune, the measles virus tends to die out.

No such nation-wide program is possible in Canada because the individual provinces are responsible for such health services under the BNA Act. Furthermore, there is considerable confusion in Canada about what is the best vaccine — the live vaccine with lung-lasting immunity or a killed vaccine.

The killed vaccine has the basic advantage of being cheaper. Also it can be combined with four other agents to provide a five-in-one shot against diphtheria, lockjaw, whooping cough and polio as well as measles. The

disadvantage is that the killed vaccine needs three shots and should be followed up by a booster.

The federal government, which holds itself responsible for all Indian and Eskimo children not covered by provincial plans is using a live vaccine on children one to six. "The killed vaccine only controls the disease," a federal official explained. "We're not interested in mere controls. We want long-duration immunity." Saskatchewan and Manitoba are also using live vaccine on children one to three but Alberta will give three shots of a killed vaccine plus a live booster. There is no official anti-measles program in either British Columbia or Nova Scotia.

Ontario's public health clinics began a five-year anti-measles program April 15. The plan involves the new five-in-one shots with a killed measles vaccine. A live vaccine will be used later as a booster. One Ontario official criticized the American project as "too emotional." He added: "The number of deaths and complications from measles is overemphasized. We prefer a sensible approach as opposed to the emotional."

Quebec will have a four-in-one shot (minus polio) available in clinics by the end of the year — again using a killed measles vaccine. The program will be confined to infants. Quebec officials admit the province is using a killed vaccine to save money. They figure the extra $300 000 a year a live vaccine program would cost can be better used in the fight against smallpox and polio.

But McGill's Dr. Hugh Brodie, one of the leaders in measles vaccine development, is dismayed by Quebec's decision. He says the live vaccine has been proved 100 percent effective in a five-year test on 5 000 children (one of the world's largest controlled experiments) and in the vaccine recommended by the Canadian Pediatrics Society. Moreover, says Dr. Brodie, provincial officials are mistaken in thinking measles is only dangerous for children under three: "The most recent measles death in Montreal Children's Hospital was a child aged 10."

DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Yes, Virginia, there will be room at Expo

After a disastrous start, Logexpo is ready to live up to its own publicity

THERE *will* be room at the fair — despite all those scary No-Room at the Expo-Inn stories. True, Logexpo, the official accommodation agency, was appallingly slow in getting started. And as the world now knows Expo succeeded in getting itself enmeshed in some pretty painful publicity—first sensational charges of fraud then allegations of racial discrimination. But both these scares were simply partisan political mischief-making. Ample accommodation *does* exist at reasonable rates, even though some hotels and motels are inflating prices.



Senior Expo officials are confident they'll find bed and board even for those who arrive with no bookings at all. After spending a week in Montreal checking their claims I found no evidence that they're not right. Says André Mercier, Expo's chief of visitor services: "I will personally guarantee that no one will have to sleep on a park bench. If anyone runs into trouble at the last minute we'll be organized to fix them up there and then—right on the spot."

Everything suggests Mercier's confidence is not ill-founded. For a start, all recent world's fairs — at Brussels, Seattle, New York — have had similar pre-opening accommodation scares. In each case there *was* room. And consider these facts: at least half of Expo's anticipated 12 million visitors will be local residents or staying with friends and relatives. Many others have already made private bookings, either individually or through community groups, churches, auto clubs and so forth. For out-of-town visitors, fully 200 000 rooms are available. So far Logexpo has booked more than 500 000 visitors and no one's been forced to take a type of accommodation he didn't want.

There still are snags, of course. The nine major downtown Montreal hotels are booked more or less solidly during the fair, from April 28 to Oct. 27. This presumably is what Quebec provincial secretary Yves Gabias meant when he caused headlines by saying anyone coming to the fair had better bring a sleeping bag. He issued a retraction that naturally didn't get the same publicity.

Space *does* still exist in dozens of hotels, motels and tourist homes outside the downtown Montreal area — many just on or near the island Expo site as the major hotels. "People seem to think Montreal is a little city," says Expo's Mercier. "Most visitors will have to face a trip of around 45 minutes to Expo in a large city it can't be otherwise." In any event, he says, the handiest areas for Expo are not downtown — they're south or east of Expo. Longueuil, Saint-Lambert and Brossard/ville for example.

Much of the confusion over exactly what is available in Montreal stems from Logexpo's inexplicable delay in getting out its pamphlet explaining how its services work. When it finally appeared a month ago, letters started pouring in at 30,000 a week. The hopelessly swamped staff ran weeks behind.

The French-language Montreal newspaper *La Presse*, had charged in a sensational story that hundreds of thousands of Expo visitors had been bilked by a phony reservations racket operating within Logexpo. After police found nothing wrong, Expo commissioner general Pierre Dupuy angrily denounced the newspaper, and said everyone who's booked rooms will get them. It wasn't until April 1 that Logexpo was finally on top. Expo's computer now tackles much of the checking work.

Logexpo guarantees 80 percent of its accommodation (divided into six categories) is within 45 minutes of an Expo entrance. When it receives your letter or letter it makes a reservation for you as requested. It notifies you how to confirm your reservation and you then send a deposit to the hotel, motel or whatever, directly. You do not at any time send any money to Logexpo. It is up to you to confirm your reservation yourself once Logexpo has found you a place. Incidentally this made it unlikely any widespread fraud could have taken place; a thorough investigation by Quebec police found no wrongdoing or negligence by Logexpo.

In newspapers across Canada puzzled and angry would-be Expo visitors started writing letters asking what on earth was going on. Typical was that of Peter Whelan, a Toledo, Ohio, businessman who wrote to the Toronto *Globe and Mail* saying he knew six American friends who'd decided not to go to Expo after failing to get an answer from Logexpo. Similar letters arrived from around the world.

All rooms rented during Expo must be approved by the Quebec Lodging Service, an agency of the provincial government. It is illegal to rent a room which has not been approved by an inspector. All rooms must show a blue card stating that the room has been approved, and how much may be charged. If you find yourself in a room without this card or if you're charged more than the rate set in touch immediately with the Lodging Service.

All owners of accommodation are asked if they have any objection to taking persons of different color or faith. Any who hesitate or refuse to answer are not approved. I tested this by calling a dozen Expo accommodation ads in a Toronto newspaper. I said I was calling on behalf of a West Indian or U.S. negro couple. Only four claimed to be already let, I checked an hour later and found they really were.

Will there be rent gougers? Undoubtedly a few will try, says Gaston Masse, commissioner for the Quebec Rental Commission. "But we have the legislation to deal with them harshly," he says. "All complaints will be dealt with fast."

NICHOLAS STEEN

"Remember the old trading stamp days...?"

Stamps are still around, but consumer groups say their days are numbered

ONTARIO'S Attorney General, Arthur Wishart, didn't know he was getting himself in dutch with his boss's wife when he announced in January that he intended to ban trading stamps in the province. But shortly after his announcement, Premier John Robarts told him in effect to forget it. Elimination of trading stamps, said Robarts, won't reduce food prices. Besides, he went on, *My wife* saves them and her attitude is—if you don't like trading stamps, shop at a store that doesn't use them.

Mrs. Robarts influence, however, may not be enough. There are plenty of signs that the stamps, after eight years of controversy, are about to take a licking:

□ Steinberg's Limited announced March 25 that they are dropping Pinky Stamps in their 44 Ontario stores so customers can enjoy "a very real saving." (It was hard to tell whether there were any immediate price cuts.)

□ Earlier Loblaws dropped stamps in North Bay, Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie to test consumer reaction. So far the chain has kept the results a secret.

□ Food chains and governments face increasing and organized anti-stamp pressure from consumer groups, particularly Women Against Soaring Prices (WASP) and the venerable Consumers Association of Canada (CAC).

The Canadian Association of Stamp Companies (CASCO), which acts for Gold Bond, Pinky and Lucky Green stamps among others, is not the sort of organization to sit idly by while its business is legislated out of existence. Recently CASCO has taken the offensive by:

□ Sending letters to 500 Quebec and Ontario businessmen suggesting they write to their MPs and defend "modern sales tools" (i.e. stamps) that keep hundreds of firms busy. CASCO thoughtfully included a draft letter for each businessman to forward to his MP.

□ Engaging a firm, Canadian Facts Ltd., to conduct a survey of 500 shoppers and find out their current attitude to stamps. The survey showed that 70 percent of the people questioned like stamps.

One of CASCO's chief arguments is that 95 percent of the "gifts" or premiums available through stamps are products made in Canada. The association says 4,000 people in Ontario alone would lose their jobs if the stamps disappeared. The CAC claims on the contrary that some of the gifts are imported products and that in any event 68 percent of them are carried in hardware stores. Sales in hardware stores have been slipping ever since stamps were introduced, says the CAC.

Buying premiums with trading stamps is really installment buying without having the use of the product while paying for it," says Helen Morningstar, a national director of the CAC. "You get a better deal than that at the corner hardware, jewelry or small appliance store."

All this confusion must have been sensed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1905 when he introduced a clause into the Criminal Code outlawing *trading stamps*. Nothing much happened from then to the mid-1950s when one stamp company re-read the criminal code and produced *premium* stamps — stamps redeemable only at the store where they were bought.

The stamp plans have been running into opposition almost from the moment they got off the ground in 1958. Alberta and Saskatchewan virtually outlawed them with restrictive legislation and in BC and other provinces the plans proved uneconomic. Ontario and Quebec with their concentrated populations proved to be the main stamp strongholds.

Consumer groups are chording about Steinberg's decision to drop stamps. But there is still a fair amount of suspicion. Will Steinbergs prices, after their initial drop, zoom up as soon as the heat's off?

In any event the consumer groups now feel they've overcome apathy among their members and are organized enough to fight and win all the battles that lie ahead. WASP officials claim they can mount a 25,000-woman boycott just by picking up the telephone. "Maybe I'm just an optimist," says Mrs. W. A. Brechin of the Ontario CAC, "but I hope we'll have stamps banned in Ontario within a year."

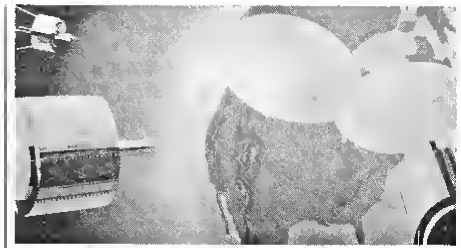
MARJORIE HARRIS

Will Canada fly TV pies in the sky?

By and by, unless vested interests shoot down Niagara's satellite plan

THE PROPOSAL was straightforward enough — "for a Canadian television network and a domestic space satellite distribution system" — but the reaction was open-mouthed. A Canadian TV satellite, for heaven's sake! It was as if somebody had proposed a Canadian President of the U.S.

The idea came last October from Niagara Television Ltd., which operates CHCH-TV in Hamilton and from Power Corporation of Canada Ltd., a Montreal holding company. In March the Niagara-Power interests expanded their proposal at a second hearing before the Board of Broadcast Governors in Ottawa, and it went over like a lead satellite.



By this time such opposing communications agencies as the CBC, CTV and Bell Telephone had recovered their speech. They argued in effect that the satellite scheme was not in the national interest and that it was pie-in-the-sky, and that they wanted a slice of it themselves. The BBG reserved judgment but a Toronto newspaper columnist offered odds of 100 to one that the Niagara-Power people were not going to get the A-OK.

Their proposal, first advanced by the late president of Niagara Television Ltd., Kenneth Soble, is mind-boggling in its scope and implications. If nothing else, it will be remembered as the boldest most imaginative idea of the first two decades of Canadian television. Soble and company cited Canada's Alouette 1 and 11 satellites, its forthcoming ISIS-A satellite, its large Satellite Communications Terminal at Mill Village, N.S.—and blandly concluded that the country was ready for a major endeavor in space.

Satellite technology is mushrooming in the U.S., with each succeeding model — Echo, Telstar, Early Bird — representing a significant advance over its predecessor in terms of circuit capacity and durability. The increasing use of satellites for telephone, telegraph and data transmission is inevitable because with them costs are nearly independent of distance. But the greatest immediate application is in network television. Satellites can reduce the cost of TV distribution, increase range and improve quality and coverage.

Almost a year ago, J. P. Gilmore, CBC vice-president of planning, predicted that Canada would have its own satellite system in four or five years, and warned that without it Canadian television would be losing viewers in droves to the U.S. and Russia. He said that in 15 years Canadians would be "show-shopping from Moscow, Peking, New York and Toronto."

The CBC doesn't want its own satellite. It wants to share a government model with other network broadcasters, telephone and telegraph companies. It sees satellite transmission as a cheaper means of distributing national programming, both radio and TV. A satellite would enable the CBC to cover Canada like the snow, making TV available for the first time in isolated communities all over the North.

The Niagara-Power satellite would serve many small communities too, bouncing shows from production centres in Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Vancouver to 96 English and 43 French ground relay stations. Two new companies would be formed: Cansat, the Canadian Satellite Corporation, and NTV, the National Television Network, the latter supplying 100 hours a week of somewhat vague by-appointed color programming. Joint private and public ownership of the links was envisaged with the entire project costing about $75 million. The satellite — actually there would be two of them, one spare — would be placed in synchronous or so-called stationary orbit 22,400 miles above the equator.

Opponents of the project tread their best to shoot it down in flames. R. C. Fraser, a CBC vice-president, said it was "clearly unready in terms of our developing national broadcasting policy." CTV president Gordon Keeble said its approval "would turn the entire Canadian television industry on its head and it's difficult to see the public benefitting." Both networks felt that the satellite would cast a sinister shadow over current stations.

Fraser said that NTV would gobble up 100 or more channels already in scarce supply in many areas. Canadian National-Canadian Pacific Telecommunications and the Telephone Association of Canada submitted that a satellite would also have to accommodate the need for telephone and telegraph channels. A Bell Telephone vice-president said that present companies had earned the right to launch a satellite themselves. Broadcasters hinted that the whole deal was just an excuse for NTV to get lucrative television franchises in the major markets. They pointed out that NTV's programming plans were sketchy and unrealistic.

The Niagara-Power representatives argued that the bulk of CBC and CTV programming was regional in nature, and that there was a real need for

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"No, no — you're the girl. You were the one who was supposed to take the pill."

Authorized as second-class mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa

alternate national programs in English and French NTV would not compete with local or regional stations for ad revenue Its commercials would be purely national There were enough available channels for everybody There was enough ad revenue for everybody NTV would represent a new creative outlet for Canadian performers

The Niagara Power proposal had the effect of waking everybody up to the need for a satellite for Canada The Power Corporation accuses Bell of making a sudden about face on the subject after pooh poohing satellites for years. But Bell says it has been keen on a Canadian satellite system — that is, a Bell system — for over a year G E Jones, Bell's chief engineer, says that Canada should get going in the field 'or become a very junior partner with the U S'

The U S Federal Communications Commission will probably establish a nongovernment satellite policy within the year When that happens network satellite transmissions will come quickly, and they'll cover Canada if not like the snow then at least like the snow tire penetrating far beyond the Canadian coverage areas of U S border stations. JON RUDDY

How Mao won the West and lost the war

Higgledy-piggledy
China's Chief Mao Tse-tung
Thinks that the West has gone
All to the bad

Wot's what he wants but his
Anti-revisionist
Doctrines have merely been
Starting a fad

IN THE high-headed hiatus between the end of lectures and the beginning of exams at Canadian universities this spring one of the commonest catchphrases is 'What's black and white and Red all over?' The answer: *Mao-Thought*, a 312-page pocket book of short quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung's writings. The book imported directly from Peking by a variety of groups is selling to students faster than rice cakes in Shanghai

The fad has more to do with in-group fashion than Communist philosophy Although Mao's same wooden thoughts are available in a Western paperback (Bantam) for one dollar the Peking version with its red jacket, Bolshevik printing and red ribbon page marker has much greater snob appeal to student intellectuals — even though the importers sometimes charge $1 50 per copy

The importers (some ideologically compelled and some just out to make a capitalistic buck) get the books almost free from Peking and pay only a slight shipping charge The paperbacks are then distributed in college corridors and *avant garde* coffee houses



Mao inspired fashion from Montreal.

Typical importers are Montreal students Denis Footbrand Normao Lester and Paul Racine The 700 French-language copies they first ordered from China sold out at the University of Montreal in a matter of hours They then ordered 4 000 books and did so well again that they are now looking around for a commercial distributor

"If the RCMP ever investigates us we'll tell them we're just honest capitalistic businessmen," says Footbrand None of the three, in fact, has any Communist or even left wing affiliations (although Lester belongs to Quebec's RIN separatist party) "Many people who buy the book never read it thoroughly," says Lester "It's like a status symbol. They keep it in their pocket and when they want to impress someone they take it out open it anywhere and quote at random"

The book undoubtedly has a certain cachet. Looking like a prayer book (which in Chinese terms it is) it contains a hodgepodge of Mao's writings and speeches over the last 30 years. A typical Mao quip for life-of-the-party addicts: "In agricultural production our fundamental task is to adjust the use of labor in an organized way and to encourage women to do farm work" Lacklustre style aside the content can be an unforgettable education for any Western reader who wonders what Red China is all about

Left wing book stores across the country doing their best business since deStalinization are a little worried that the spring fad may fade with summer. "We're afraid of the book catching on merely as a novelty item" said one pro-Chinese distributor who has just ordered 10 000 copies

His fears are probably justified. There's every indication that the current Sinophilia is really just another way to be way out among students What with Vietnam, even Chinese phonograph records can cause a stir And Montreal dress designer Jacques Fanchant eyes peeled for a new slant has created a spring number called Red Guard — military jacket red star gold epaulettes and a pant dress that's well it's about as sexy as a pig-iron factory By the time the West is finished with China, Chairman Mao may have some second thoughts DON BELL

EDITORIAL

What every civilized society should do

A CUSTOMER in a bank gets in the way of a nervous holdup man and is shot A cigar-store operator is beaten, robbed, and left unconscious. A working widow, returning from her job in a hospital kitchen, is assaulted near a suburban bus stop.

Who pays the medical bills of these civilian casualties? Who compensates them for loss of income? Who comes to the aid of their families if they are killed or incapacitated?

Saskatchewan does It is the first jurisdiction in North America where innocent victims of violent crime can be compensated, from public funds, for monetary loss and suffering The legislation is passed and tribunals are being established to hear applications and award damages The plan is based on New Zealand's system established in 1964, which is reported to be working well Britain has similar legislation

Manitoba is shortly to follow Saskatchewan's lead We can think of no better Centennial project for Canada's eight other provincial legislatures than to enact, this year, similar schemes of their own We spend large amounts of public money to punish and rehabilitate the perpetrators of violent crimes It's about time we gave appropriate attention to the claims of their victims, and their victims' unlucky dependents.

We're all foreign ministers

EVERY TIME Jean-Noël Tremblay, Quebec's minister of cultural affairs, intones about the international role of the State of Quebec (which is fairly often) some English-speaking voice utters a howl or a moan of protest — much, we suspect, to Mr Tremblay's gratification It's time to take note of a few facts about this so-called issue

Anybody, anybody at all can 'negotiate' with any foreign government that is willing to receive him Friends of Rhodesia can send gasoline to Ian Smith Private organizations like CARE have made their own arrangements with dozens of governments in the past 20 years. If B'nai B'rith or Hadassah, or a group of individuals in the Canadian Jewish community, wanted to set up a scholarship fund in Israel they could take it up directly with Jerusalem They could work through the Canadian Embassy in Tel-Aviv if they chose, but no rule or regulation says they must.

Obviously it would be absurd to forbid a provincial minister to do what any private citizen can do without a licence But equally absurd to argue, from either side, that such "negotiations" amount to international recognition of Quebec as a sovereign state

It's true, of course, that a provincial minister appears as something more than a private individual in these transactions. Other nations might, and most of them do, hesitate to do business with a provincial representative unless he has the explicit endorsement of the Government of Canada It appears from Mr Tremblay's recent complaints, after a visit to Paris, that even President Charles de Gaulle's officials feel this inhibition — it was a coolness on the part of France, not of Ottawa, of which Mr Tremblay was complaining

The misgiving is well founded It is a discourtesy — sometimes inadvertent, sometimes not — for another government to deal with a Canadian provincial authority instead of going through the Government of Canada and its embassy But when such a discourtesy is committed it does less than no good to make a public fuss about it All that's achieved is the kind of publicity that separatists enjoy and that Canadians should deplore.









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ARE YOU REALLY AS HEALTHY AS YOU THINK YOU ARE?

You could be sick and not know it. Doctors can tell, by "screening" — a quick, cheap medical test made when no disease is suspected. It could save your life. But, critics charge, too few doctors bother

FOR SEVERAL YEARS one of medicine's brightest promises has been that some day, when the most diseases have been conquered, doctors will be able to turn growing attention to the prevention of illness.

In fact, there already exist several potentially life-saving screening methods [seem geared to unprejudiced and computerized equipment] which make it possible to do large numbers of tests quickly and cheaply. [Screening is a medical test of a person in whom there is no reason to suspect the presence of disease. It differs from diagnosis, which pinpoints the illness in a sick person.] However, many Canadian doctors are privately bitter about the lack of widespread screening which, they say, could detect thousands of unsuspected cases of diabetes, glaucoma, kidney infection, cancers and other diseases.

The medical director of one drug company — who refuses to allow use of his name — blames "apathy, ignorance and greed" for physicians' lack of interest and points out that some medical plans refuse to pay for screening procedures. As a result, people often don't get the screening they need. For instance, fewer than 15 percent of Ontario women over 19 in 1965 had Pap smears — an easy, painless way to discover cancer of the cervix, or uterus, the second most common site of cancer in women.

An American doctor, Erwin Neter, quoted a study which shows that diagnosis of pyelonephritis (a crippling and sometimes fatal kidney condition which can be easily screened) was missed in two thirds of a sample of adults and in 83 percent of a group of infants who had died.

The effectiveness of screening is evident in the results of several programs.

☐ In 1949 the Vancouver General Hospital instituted a program of Pap smears which has grown into a government-sponsored project that's found more than two thirds of BC's women over 20 and discovered 2,400 cases of previously undetected cancer. Similar programs have started in Nova Scotia and Manitoba.

☐ The Cancer Detection Clinic of Toronto's Women's College Hospital, which looks for cancers besides those of the cervix, has examined 27,000 women in the past 15 years and discovered 250 cancerous conditions, most frequently in women who were symptom-free.

☐ In Scarborough, Ont., the municipal health department, under Dr. J. Alan Ball, routinely administers Pap tests to women in family planning clinics. Of the first 90 women tested, one was found to have signs of cervical cancer.

☐ Dr. Ball's department was also part of a huge, still-glaucoma survey of Scarborough's 260,000 citizens. Particularly interesting was the way in testing people over 40 — since they are a high-risk group. In fact, when the survey tested 19,000 people of whom 41 were found to have the disease, and another 663 were suspected of having it. Further examination confirmed glaucoma in 348 people.

Hospital differs in screening policy, and the range of testing doesn't depend on the size of the hospital. Two of Canada's largest hospitals, the Vancouver General and the Royal Victoria in Montreal, each with more than 1,000 beds, test mainly for diagnostic purposes.

On the other hand, the Victoria General in Halifax, with 560 beds, does X-ray, complete blood work, urinalysis and a Wassermann (for venereal disease) on all its patients, and in addition does the Pap smear on all females in the teaching wards.

At Vancouver's St. Paul's Hospital, patients will soon be routinely screened in 30 procedures, thanks to automated and computerized equipment now being installed as part of a five-year program that will give St. Paul's one of the world's most sophisticated labs. Studies show that the equipment, combined with a companion new being, readied for use, will cut test costs by more than 50 percent — a significant figure in Canada, whose hospitals in 1964 did tests worth $35 million. In addition, the equipment will, on the average, pay for itself — when often has to wait while tests are done — by about two days, and will in-

continued on page 92b

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Lucia Casaccia, a Toronto tailor, won't sell out for thousands of others it's already too late.

The lingering death of the family house

If you don't own a house by now, there's a strong chance you never will. That's the central, disturbing fact about the most widespread—and least understood—social revolution of our times

A report on the shelter squeeze / By Nicholas Steed

For the lucky few—those with imagination—there are still solutions to the housing crisis. Some popular ways out: At right, a renovated central-city house bought in a gamble that the area would improve. Below, the country home just outside the city



COUNTRY: Back in 1960 Howard Pain paid $14,500 for this 117-year-old home at Unionville, 30 miles from Toronto. It's now worth around $40,000. Pain, creative director for an advertising agency, commutes daily to his downtown office, finds the chore of driving "well worth it." But already the city is closing in on Unionville. Bargain hunters today must drive 40 or more miles north of the city before finding cheap old houses.





TOWN: Photographer Villy Svaire has seen his renovated townhouse double in value over the past four years. Today it's worth around $45,000. Dozens of downtown Toronto streets are now "in" places to live, young couples who bought and fixed up near-slums are now sitting pretty. Prices are now prohibitive—only the well-to-do can buy downtown in smart central districts. Svarte, typically, is selling out, taking his profit and moving to Mexico. "I guess we were lucky," he says. Now the so-called "white-painters"—renovators of shoddy old houses—are moving west across the city, trying to find the next downtown boom area. It's a gamble that can pay off handsomely. The drawbacks: lack of parking space, high municipal taxes, and small rooms.

FOR GENERATIONS IT'S been a Canadian tradition for every middle-class young couple to save hard and buy a house of their own. It's become an integral part of the Protestant Ethic — a cornerstone of the values of the society we live in. The young couple have children, and over the years they trade up to bigger and better homes until finally they're installed in a house every bit as comfortable as the one their parents had. At least, that's the way it used to be.

If this idea is still vaguely hanging around the back of your mind today, in the year 1967, you'd better get rid of it fast. For the idea of a separate house for every middle-class Canadian family is just about extinct. Suddenly, no one can afford it any more.

You may have grown up in a substantial upper-income home — a Shaughnessy Heights mansion in Vancouver, a rambling Rosedale brownstone in Toronto, or a fine old frame house in the Maritimes. You may be earning far more than your father did when he was your age, and you may have every expectation of reaching an income level he could never have dreamed of. It doesn't matter. The chances are you'll never own a house even nearly as good as your parents', and perhaps you may never be able to own a house of your own at all.

For what is happening amounts to nothing less than a full-scale social revolution. It is bursting upon us so suddenly that we are only dimly beginning to perceive its implications. In Canada's great urban centres it has already happened — the idea of a separate house for everybody is dead. It is a startling change in our life-style, even now it is affecting every young couple setting up a home, and a good many older ones, too. Already, buying a house is beyond the reach of most Canadians. Soon it will be only for the very rich. The dream of every man in his split-level or townhouse or suburban mini-mansion is fast changing into a financial nightmare.

All this is not just a temporary trend. True, the newspapers have been full of stories on Canada's housing "crisis" — a shortage of homes caused mainly by tight money. But the overall situation is not really a crisis if you define a crisis as something that comes and goes. What is happening to the individual house is an irreversible, long-term trend. The conventional house is simply out of date, old-fashioned, unsuited to our contemporary urban way of life.

Like all social change, the death of the individual house is painful. For those caught in the squeeze it is little consolation to know that what's happening is the birth of a new life-style.

"I don't like the idea of renting," says Douglas Newell, 24, a Toronto advertising man with one child and another on the way. "I feel it's just pouring money down the drain. But how can I save a down payment? It will take years."

Newell's is just one of the thousands of young families caught in the squeeze — the gap between the end of the era of the little house and the emergence of new forms of housing.

Already, across Canada the story is the same. In the big metropolitan centres — Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal — the swing away from the house is already pronounced. In the medium-sized cities — Regina, Winnipeg, Halifax — the signs are that it's coming soon.

In Vancouver the average price of houses last year was $15,200 — up from $13,964 the year before. Houses in better areas — West Vancouver, West Point Grey or parts of North Vancouver — which sold for $28,000 three years ago now fetch $42,000 and up. High prices are forcing more and more */ continued overleaf*





MINI: Douglas Newell, 24, lives in a mini house, part of Flemingdon Park, a much-publicized mixed development in Toronto of row houses and apartments. More than any other type of housing, this represents the future: well planned use of space, with a maximum of modern conveniences, such as underground parking, built in washers and dryers. Newell, his wife and child pay $150 a month rent. He says he would much rather be buying but can't afford a down payment for a house



continued / families to rent, and an acute apartment shortage is developing. Apartment hunters wait outside the Vancouver Sun offices to grab the first edition with the want ads. Said one eagerly waiting woman, "A five-minute head start can make all the difference. If you wait at home for the paper you don't stand a chance." Each day's paper lists perhaps four or five unfurnished houses to rent, this in a city area of more than 800,000.

Four-bedroom houses in the posh central residential Shaughnessy district rent for $350 a month; luxury two bedroom North Vancouver suites for $250 a month and up. One retired civil servant cashes in on the rental boom by renting his three bedroom West Point Grey house for $285 a month; he lives in Mexico and banks his pension.

Others are not so fortunate. David Bliss, 23, a low income dairy worker with two children, says: "We've spent weeks driving around Vancouver looking for something. Most places are way beyond what I can afford, and those that aren't won't take children." Distress cases among low-income families are becoming alarmingly frequent. Mrs. Jean Victor, a separated mother of seven, was forced to hand her children over to the Catholic Children's Aid Society. "I love my kids," she explains, "but what can I do? It's bad enough trying to find a place for a small family — with seven kids it's impossible."

In Toronto, the Real Estate Board reckons a man must earn between $11,000 and $14,000 a year to afford an average suburban three-bedroom bungalow. Average price of all houses sold this year will be more than $30,000, two years ago it was around $20,000. Yet in Toronto less than five percent of the population earn more than $10,000 a year. One of the few who does is David Russell, 26, an $11,000-a-year marketing analyst. "Me?" he says. "Own a home? You must be kidding. I pay $250 a month for an apartment downtown — it has to be fairly large because I've got three small kids. How on earth can I save up a down payment?" For thousands earning less, public housing is the only hope. But more than 7,000 families are now on the waiting lists — 18 percent more than last year.

In Montreal, housing starts were down nearly 50 percent last year and a serious apartment shortage is looming. Heavy demand due to Expo is inflating rents as landlords seek to cash in on short-term rentals. Says one real estate man, "Hell, nothing's going to stop rents going up for Expo."

In the Prairies cities the housing shortage is less critical, but disturbing signs are appearing. Regina is probably typical: average prices of houses sold last year were around $12,400, about the same as 1965. But prices in better subdivisions are edging up — a 1,200-square-foot Whitmore Park split level went from $16,500 to $18,500 in less than a year. At a given moment, fewer than one percent of Regina's apartments are vacant and available for rent. Rents are around $115 for a one-bedroom and $125 for a two-bedroom apartment in a new block.

Bill Bleakin, president of the Regina House Builders' Association, says, "The situation is much worse than these figures suggest. Many builders were caught by cost increases last year after they'd fixed their prices. Now we're costing to the last penny before pricing."

In the Maritimes the shortage is worst. Halifax building starts declined from 1,655 in 1965 to 1,433 last year. Three hundred families wait on the city's list for public housing. House prices are about the same as Toronto's, which is stiff for a traditionally low-income area. H. Boad Jones, city welfare administrator, says the city is short at least 1,000 low-rental homes and apartments; many families are now living in substandard housing. Frank McNaught, a 53-year-old casual laborer, reckons he's lucky to get steady work at $60 a week; he pays $95 a month to house his family of five in a basement apartment. "All I can do is wait for the city to build more low-rental," he says. "I can't really afford to pay $95 a month, but what can I do?"

The Toronto Real Estate Board's economist, Donald Kirkup, sums up the whole national housing scene by saying, "The average man today should no more aspire to owning a house than he should aspire to owning a Cadillac. Besides, for most people, Volkswagens are perfectly adequate."

His words are echoed by Dr. Albert / continued on page 75



VANISHING: The homes that will never be built again — the gracious, spacious residences of our Edwardian and Victorian ancestors. Mr. and Mrs. Harris Veitch outside the home Mrs. Veitch's grandfather built at Baden, Ont. Their children, Barbara, 21, Jim, 24, and Sherry, 14, will move out into something a lot smaller, houses on this scale no longer make sense — there isn't space for them. With their passing goes a way of life, and with the arrival of new housing a new life-style.

That wise, strong, brave, firm face has made him the whole world's father-figure—but not in his own plush-lined mansion in Beverly Hills

LORNE GREENE

BY JON RUDDY

Click. LORNE GREENE sinks the eight-ball on his vintage 1915 pool table, straightens up to six feet one and a half and says: "I remember it well. I spent 12 13 winters in Toronto each slightly more miserable than the last." Outside, mini-stereo tangerines are ripening on Greene's trees; exotic flowers are opening like umbrellas in Greene's garden and the waiter in Greene's swimming pool is hoisting up his wintry sons, fruit-ette southern California optimism. It is not true that Greene's pool has a yacht, and not the yacht another pool and not that pool another. He racks his cue and we go out on the terrace where Nancy Greene, Mrs. Lorne Greene is talking to a dog. She is saying, with elaborate lip movements: "Ma ma, ma-ma, me-me ma-ma," the way you might talk to a dog that is stone deaf only this dog, a German Shepherd named Koala, is not only not deaf it is not dumb. It can say four different things. Nancy Greene says. Sure enough the dog opens its mouth suddenly says, "Worp oorp," and trots off to sprinkle one of Greene's 4 000 azalea bushes.

Greene's little spread up Mandeville Canyon outside Beverly Hills looks pretty good to anybody down from Canada in February. But to Greene tromping through the wall to wall on a Saturday morning and out the glass doors into the trackless jungle of azaleas, the place has a flaw. "I'd like to have a trout stream," he says. "I wish I had bought Dick Powell's old place farther up the canyon." Still Greene's present property is an improvement over his last. It had a big lot but the house filled it so that Greene's pool was squashed in there right off the patio. "I would go out to sit around the pool and I was on *concrete*," he says.

There is no doubt that if he wanted to Greene could put a trout stream through his azaleas with short money. Years ago *Bonanza* outdrew all centers to become television's preeminent western and Greene is the king of the medium. Which is not to say the king of Hollywood maybe but still—when Clark Gable was The King he made $5,000 a week. Greene makes $10 000 a week and that doesn't include the money he makes from his records and his personal appearances. He has been scrabbling around putting his money into currently unprofitable enterprises as a tax write-off. Including in northern California a potato warehouse in Oregon publishing companies, a lot of other things. He is a little vague about it. His business agent and his son-in-law, Bob Bennett, who once worked for a company that manufactures shirts in Toronto—they check out his business ventures. "I am no tycoon," Greene says. But he doesn't have to worry about Koala going to the bathroom on the odd azalea.

A bunch of us are standing around now on Greene's terrace. Greene, Nancy Greene Greene's son Charles who is a senior in political science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Marie Dyches who is Greene's personal press representative and Gerry Smith, who is an NBC photographer. Smith is waiting to get some shots of Greene. Charles who looks like a young Lorne Greene with a short rent beard, will not appear in any photographs with his father. He says that what he is going to do when he finishes at MIT is a good question. Greene is wearing grey cuffless pants, pretty tight, grey slip-on shoes, a white shirt and a yellow velveteen cardigan. His hair at the back is combed into what used to be called a ducktail. His sideburns are down to his lobes and they are snow-white. His eyebrows are black.

"I want to put on a blue shirt and a white jacket," Greene says. "It'll be good contrast." He exits. Gerry Smith says, "I never heva nuy trouble with Lorne. He's a pro. It is the amateurs that get you. The Monkees are always horsing around. I spent two hoers with them yesterdny and didn't get a thug I could use." Marie Dyches says: "Whenever ueybody writes auything uasty about Lorne, I say 'Tell me their measurements.' They are usually four feet 11 and 110 pounds. They look up at this great enormous guy that dames go for, and hate everything about him. They're just little guys who've had a hard time with the dames."

Greene enters wearing an all white jacket with pale pinstripes over a blue flannel shirt and white pants. He goes over and stands under a miniature tangerine tree and holds a cluster of tangerines. "They're great in drinks," he says, as Smith takes the shot.

But Marie Dyches has raised a more interesting point. Greene's portrayal of Pe Cartwright hasn't to be blunt about it, brought him any artistic stature. Greene once played Brutus at Stratford. Another time he played opposite Katharine Cornell on Broadway. But does anybody remember that except Greene? Hardly anybody. Meanwhile TV critics and writers of all sorts, some of them taller than four feet 11, have been writing nasty, snide things about *Bonanza* and Lorne Greene. Hitler has received better reviews for *World War II*. *New York* magazine once said that of the cast only Pernell Roberts, the eldest Cartwright lad bears any resemblance to an actor." Roberts soon walked off the show in a fine jangle of spurs. It was he said "just pap—and why would any normal person want to carry on a romance with his father?"

Still the close father son relationships are what made *Bonanza* unbeatable. Most of the critics and the sophisticates can't see it. As they see it, *Bonanza* is a bad show but not as bad as *Bonanza* II or what it would be good. They can see the humor in the situation of this guy with a basic duckfeet coming on like John Ford's voice of God and using Freudulent insight to help Hoss overcome some infantile self-doubt. It is pretty funny but it is not funny enough, you know? The shows support comes from the enormous strata of viewers who take Ben Cartwright quite seriously as a totem father. They are the square backlash and they rule the tube. But where does that leave Lorne Greene—apart from on top of the ratings?

Greene and I go into his house, an 18 room redwood tri-level with ramps instead of stairs. Gerry Smith comes in too and grabs another fish shot; this one of Greene about to plant a leg in his marble fireplace. Greene does not have to mess around with kindling. He just turns on the gas. "Better than rubbing two sticks together," he says. We get to talking about artistic fulfillment. "I do not consider *Bonanza* a great dramatic vehicle," Greene is saying. He says it is an entertainment feature which occasionally engages the mind.

What does it mean to me? Does it fulfill me as an actor? Did *Othello* fulfill Olivier as an actor?" He goes on to be Othello and Ben Cartwright together somehow but not too convincingly and anyway it is hard to keep from snatching out-of-context quotes from his hair trigger responses. Greene has been interviewed a million times and you listen to him sometimes with a sense of *déjà vu*.

A few years ago a writer named John Gregory Dunne—"Four feet 11 110 pounds," says Marie Dyches—was trying to get some fresh angle on *Bonanza's* juggernaut invasion of 50 countries around the world. Finally he despaired of getting a new minted quote from Greene and wrote: Ask him a question about something as matter-of-fact as syndication and you still get no matter-of-fact answer. Instead mumblers click lights flash and a mummy drum whirs. We're Americans No 2 export. Ben booms jovially just ahead of Coca-Cola and right behind foreign aid. *Click click click.* He said it on the San Francisco *Examiner* on March 26 *click click click* he said it on April 9 *click click click* he said it on April 29. Only he knows how many times he has said it.

Greene is very tolerant about outbursts like that. He is friendly and accessible. Now after a quick change into his velveteen cardigan outfit he is standing there sucking in his stomach, grinning, pointing at the belly of a stuffed blue marlin and saying: "I caught it off Montego Bay last year. It's eight-foot two inches. Trouble is, the damn thing doesn't look like a real fish any more."

One time on the *Bonanza* set a stunt man filling in for Greene was thrown off an elephant and Greene got on the elephant himself and finished the scene and the whole thing was so impressive that it is doubtful if any of the bungers on around the set could be captious enough to wonder what the hell an elephant was doing in an episode of *Bonanza*. The series frequently bemuses classic western buffs. There was the time a knight in armor came galloping over the chimpy prairie and—stronger than dirt—rammed his lance through a stagecoach door. There was the time Hoss got involved with a lot of Irish leprechauns. This sort of stuff which throws TV critics into a success on of tiny tantrums is resolved only if you don't think of *Bonanza* as a western at all. Topically the show falls somewhere between Hollywood and the Arabian Nights — and wherever it is it ain't the Old West. Generically it is probably closer to *My Three Sons* than to *Gunsmoke*. It is a family-situation-comedy-action-adventure series in a western setting drawing viewers who enjoy any of these forms. It is full of the strong preachy moral tone and dime store psychology of the soap operas and if it isn't actually a soap opera it is at least a detergent drama.

But the irresistible *(continued on page 68)*











HOW THE U.S. COULD RUIN CANADA

Will Canada's determined stand in the contentious Mercantile Bank affair trigger American retaliation? Just how independent of the U.S. can we really afford to be without inviting economic disaster? What could an angry Washington do to us? Here are the dangers we face as the vulnerable neighbor of a giant

By Blair Fraser

WHAT COULD OR WOULD a really angry United States do to impair the economy of Canada?

No politician would put it so bluntly lest he offend the sensitive vanity of Canadian voters but that question underlies the split in the Pearson cabinet and the Liberal Party most recently exposed by the dispute over the American owned Mercantile Bank. Walter Gordon ex-Minister of Finance and outspoken economic nationalist, leads the more defiant school of thought. Mitchell Sharp Minister of Finance, former civil servant former vice-president of a Canadian company operating abroad leads the counselors of prudence and accommodation.

Neither expects any direct, deliberate reprisal by the United States government. No matter what Ottawa might do to the First National City Bank of New York, Mercantile's owner, American troops will not occupy Canada as they did the Dominican Republic in 1964, nor will American aid unseat the Canadian government as it did the Guatemalan 10 years earlier. Canada will not be isolated by any such economic boycott as the one that still cuts off Castro's Cuba from the U.S. and its more docile friends. Whatever danger does exist for Canada is indirect, and more subtle.

Canada has a deficit in her current accounts with other nations that in 1966 ran just under, and in 1965 just over, one billion dollars — roughly 40 percent of our entire reserves of gold and foreign exchange. The only thing that prevents this annual drain from bankrupting the nation is the steady inflow of American capital. If anything blocks or sharply reduces this flow of investment, Canada is thrown into an immediate financial crisis that devalues the Canadian dollar — as happened in 1962 and nearly happened in 1963.

This is the gravest external danger to Canadian prosperity, but by no means the only one. Several of Canada's most vital industries depend directly on American goodwill.

Alberta's affluence depends on exporting oil for which the United States is the only market. Access to this market is assured by special arrangements whereby, in effect, Alberta oil is treated in the U.S. as if it were domestic rather than foreign.

British Columbia relies heavily on American buyers for its major product: lumber, a highly competitive commodity of which there are many American suppliers. Recurrent attempts are made in the United States Congress to raise tariffs, lower quotas, or harass Canadian exporters by nuisance regulations (e.g. that every board and beam of imported lumber be stamped with the name of its country of origin). Up to now such restrictions have been either defeated by a friendly Congress or vetoed by a friendly White House. If both become unfriendly, Canada could no longer count on such gentle treatment.

Ontario's auto industry, wholly owned (except for some minor parts factories) by American parent companies, is now heavily dependent on the complicated, narrowly limited, free-trade agreement in autos and auto parts that was concluded between Canada and the U.S. in 1965. This agreement is up for review in 1968; meanwhile, even within its existing terms, a falling off in car sales in both countries is making its implementation difficult. Hostility would make matters worse.

Canada's defense expenditures have been greatly reduced, both as a burden on the taxpayer and as a drain on exchange reserves, ever since the so-called Hyde Park Agreement that Mackenzie King arranged with Franklin Roosevelt in 1941. The principle is that, instead of either paying American cash for American weapons or making our own weapons in numbers too small to provide an economic run of production, Canadian plants make certain items for both Canadian and U.S. forces, and thereby earn the American money to pay for the other items our own forces require. The amount involved is about $300 million a year, not a large fraction of Canada's $10 billion export trade. But if there were no defense-sharing agreement, $300 million would be a very large fraction indeed of our annual deficit of U.S. dollars.

THESE ARE EXAMPLES from a long list of special relationships between Canada and the U.S. Any of them, if suddenly brought to an end, would cause at best inconvenience, at worst economic ruin for Canadians. But the question is, how likely are they?

Not likely at all, say the Walter Gordon men.

"The Americans aren't going to do any of these things, and we shouldn't scare ourselves by thinking they will," Gordon himself said in a recent interview. "Canadians underestimate the strength of our own position. The Americans have as much to gain as we have, if not more, from continued friendship with us. Sure, they could ruin us if they wanted to — but the country they'd be ruining is one where... / *continued on page 82*



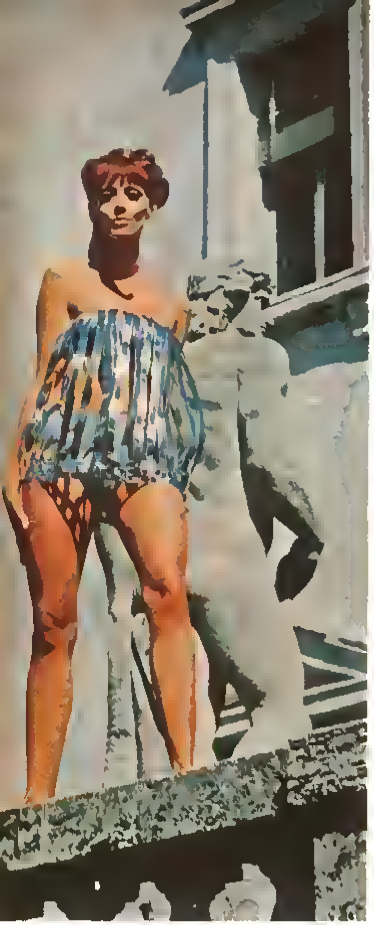
IT LOOKS AS IF BATHING SUITS ARE HERE TO STAY... BUT ONLY JUST BARELY

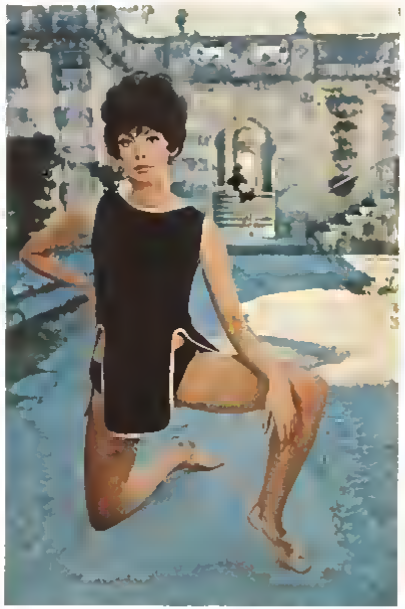


PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT

THEY'RE HELD ON with Velcro [etias — not just luck. Velcro's a surgical adhesive absolutely guaranteed to stick, so it's not quite as impractical as it looks. Designers at The Unicorn, a boutique with branches in Toronto and Vancouver, came up with this trikini (their term) after they discovered how effective the glue could be. Now they're designing backless, sideless — and practically trentless — dresses using the same material. Their paste-on inspiration has got to be the last word until monokinis hit the beaches. With trikinis around, it's hard to believe that fashion dictators are calling 1967 the year for the cover-up swim suit. Maybe they have in mind something like the black Bellan suit on the following page. Our model, Jean Macdonald, proves one thing — a beautiful girl looks great in any kind of bathing suit, whether it's an elegant Rudi Gernreich design (above) or a classic French bikini like the one from Jul-ia's Sportque (right). And by the way, that is Jean in all these photos. She changed wigs to match the different mood of each bathing suit. Anyway, if men don't go for all this exposed flesh, perhaps they'll find something more sensual in the discreet cutouts on the next page.







This year swimsuits range from the Total Bare Look to discreet cover-ups. This Italian import (Burkholder Designs) was shot in the courtyard of Vizcaya, a Florida palace built by tractor magnate James Deering in pre-income tax days.

John Burkholder's experiments in paper (Maclean's, February) run to fantasy outfits like this one in silver foil. It's not for swimming, but guaranteed as a conversation starter. Remove the paper, and — voilà! — a practical bikini underneath.

Beachwear news: peekaboo suits—and tinfoil

It's cold and empty now, but the frescoed pool was the scene for splash parties in the Gatsby era. Jean (foreground) is lounging in a cut-out suit from Julia's Sportique, Toronto. Karen Shakery wears an Israeli-made suit from The Unicorn.



Clive Webster

What ever happened to the old-fashioned picnic?

It went high-hat

How to get away from it all, by bringing it with you in your Rolls

BY JANET BERTON



Big Jake Fine of Julio's a Toronto restaurant planned the ultimate fantasy in elegant picnics complete with Rolls Royce charming companions and a menu prepared by an excellent chef Jake is at left holding a skillet of Roast Duckling à l'Orange The menu (clockwise) roast prime ribs of beef with baked stuffed potatoes cold baked-and stuffed lobster with potato wedges cold boiled lobster fresh garden vegetables French bread Camembert Brie Gruyere and Oka cheese For an apéritif Dubonnet with dinner Chambertin Red and Pol Roger champagne The only equipment you need (besides the Rolls) is a complete set of sterling a pepper mill chafing a rechaud (stove) to heat the food an ice bucket to chill the wine and a copper skillet Oh — don't forget the napkin rings

PICNICS ARE MAKING a comeback after many a summer during which the simple joys of spreading a cloth on the greensward unloading a variety of hand-to-mouth foods on it and lunching at leisure had lost status as an in thing

One reason for the decline probably was the proliferation of the all-too-convenient ant-less sand-less effete patio barbecue which isn't really a picnic at all Perhaps a factor in the comeback was the influx of New Canadians from Europe where picnics never lost favor (They have more glamorous names the French *fête champetre* — feast in the fields the Italian *al fresco* — in the open air The term picnic itself is roughly translated French for "to peck at a trifle")

Actually the picnic never went out of style with my family All we need to declare a picnic is some people some fresh air some food — almost any kind will do because everything tastes better outdoors And in this Centennial year it might be worth remembering that a lot of the eating our pioneers did as they pushed the frontier westward was picnicking after a fashion complete with prowling wolves and bears and a rather monotonous menu of beans and salt pork

And in slightly later pioneer days what else than picnics were the barn raisings and quilting bees, nourished by phenomenal amounts of whole roasted animals pies and cakes? The whole animal barbecue is no longer standard picnic fare but we still have fond memories of literary weekends in which the irresistible *pièce de résistance* was a suckling pig buried in a trench with hot stones and baked for hours and hours

But the mass picnic still flourishes in Canada in the form of family reunions and community homecomings Former residents of Moose Groin Sask will meet at the bridge in Stanley Park, or "The Jones family will gather at the camp grounds" They get together and pool their potato salads, salmon and egg sandwiches and apple pie (Everybody makes a beeline for the rare lemon pie that has somehow survived the trip in a hot car trunk)

The Rolls Royce-and-champagne picnic pictured on this spread is pretty special — a far cry from the kind most of us will take part in this summer That champagne bit is strictly for your own backyard or your baronial park In Canada it is against the law to drink outdoors except on grounds appertenant to a residence which can include a tent trailer or even a cabin cruiser — and presumably the appertenant water A station wagon won't do as a group of us found to our dismay We had stopped for a beer during a rainstorm while bird watching in a national park The young RCMP officer who happened along stood by stolidly disapproving while we dutifully poured out two dozen bottles of beer on the ground

As far as I'm concerned the elaborate picnic is pretty complicated unless you have a staff on hand to help — and with a large family of enthusiastic children who needs that kind of service? Our nearest substitute for this is an outdoor safari to the Stratford Festival every summer, when we picnic by the Avon with the swans between matinée and evening performances on a Saturday The most successful menu we have found is cold roast chicken (no forks and knives needed) lettuce tomatoes, celery pickles bread butter cheese and some rose wine served in paper cups (much less conspicuous than wine glasses or other transparent containers) A paper tablecloth paper plates and napkins are less luxurious than linen but handier because they can all be bundled up and tossed into the convenient garbage cans / *More about picnics overleaf*

What ever happened to the old-fashioned picnic?

IT WENT BY MOTORBIKE

You can pack a girl and a basket and make the beach-party scene with a moveable feast that beats sandy sandwiches any day



Clive Webster

IN OUR FAMILY we have lots of picnics, winter and summer. The little ones take their paper bags with peanut butter sandwiches, cookies and a bottle of pop and go and sit 20 feet from the back door in the sun. It's a great thrill for them. When they're a little older they take their bicycles a quarter of a mile down the road, stop in the ditch and feel they're great adventurers exploring the great untracked wilderness. (Any summer now we expect them to demand motorcycles so they can go further afield—like the teenagers seen here.)

And, of course, they remember all those exciting times when we spent three weeks on a houseboat on the Trent River system — when Peggy Anne was six weeks old and the rest of us seven non-sailors tried to cope with 45 locks and children overboard, and when we drove up the Alaska Highway and tented beside the road in the wilderness. Both these trips were beset with all sorts of insoluble problems — like the tent and the beer and the coffee all thrown together in the trunk. However, we got to the point where we said when these



How do you kick the peanut butter-and-jam habit when you haven't a car — only a bike or a motorcycle? Naturally, space is at a premium, and everything must be light and easy to pack. The ideal solution turned out to be a Picnic Basket which contains all the picnicking hardware four people could need, plus a cooler for pop and a Vern Grill (this is a cordless barbecue that folds up by Charlescraft). The girls prepared a menu that was simple yet completely unlike those awful sand sandwiches of our childhood. First the substance: Take four large French rolls and split them in half horizontally. Plan on three of ham, salami, swiss and cheddar cheese on each. Spoon barbecue sauce over the bread and wrap in foil individually. Once you're on the beach, put the wrapped bread on grill until cheese melts, about 15 minutes. Serve a spicy potato salad, fresh fruit and pop for a perfect saddlebag picnic

things happened. Oh well, it will make a better story for Daddy" (who was writing a daily account for the papers).

Some forms of misfortune can actually convert *future* ruins into legitimate picnicking. Once when the power went off for several days after an ice storm we threw a plastic tablecloth on the living-room rug and cooked all our meals over the fireplace. Now we recall the storm fondly, having forgotten all about the problems of freezing cold, no water, no toilets, no light. All that remains is the jolly picnic in the living room.

Winter picnics are increasingly popular in Canada — and they are not just a sandwich in the rear pocket of your ski jacket. Around some Canadian cities parks and conservation areas provide stoves and grills for such sophisticated fare as chops and steaks.

Some of our most successful picnic fare when our family hikes up the Humber River in outer suburban Toronto features hot dogs and beans. Wieners and buns are light and easy to carry along with small cans of beans (to divide the weight into various six-quart baskets), marshmallows, cookies, fruit and pop. Other extras are paper plates (which we frequently forget), an old, light frying pan, a can and bottle opener, spoons, plastic tablecloth and a groundsheet or old plastic raincoat to sit on. A real must are oven mitts for cooking the hot dogs on the ends of sticks and for fishing the pork and beans out of the ashes.

A final word of good advice: no matter how loudly the children lobby for hamburgers, make the main course wieners if you are cooking over a bonfire. Both tend to fall into the ashes, which makes hamburgers inedible except to the blasted young appetites, but wieners can be wiped off almost as good as new. ★

LEISURE LIVING

This summer the world's best cricketers will show Canadians why Englishmen go out in the midday sun, madly murmuring

"OH, WELL PLAYED, SIR"

THE *THONK* OF A leather cricket ball caroming off a precisely wielded cricket bat is hardly likely to replace the *whoosh-splat oooooph* of a Bobby Hull slap shot flattening another NHL goalie as the definitive sporting sound of the Centennial year. And the genteel murmurs of a cricket audience's approval — "Oh, well played, sir" — will still ring alien and wacky to a country more accustomed to "Go Tigers go" and "AltababyBigMwaylatebiffy-inthere." Nevertheless, this summer in a positive festival of *thonks* and murmurs Canada is going to be exposed to, and probably enjoy, more high quality cricket action than it's seen since the game first arrived here a century and a half ago.

The initial activity centres on Ottawa where the senior inter-provincial cricket championships are being fought out in July. And in the same place at the same time an all-star Commonwealth side will play the pick of Canada's cricketers, and once they've had their innings in Ottawa, all being well, they'll carry the message of cricket in a summer-long cross country tour.

The first fresh piece of intelligence that cricket-ignorant Canadians might take away from the tour is that Robert Louis Stevenson apparently coined the jargon that surrounds cricket. The team positions read like a roll call of Long John Silver's crew-mates: Gully, Slip, Square Leg, Long Leg. And then you can bowl a *googly*, *hit to leg*, you can bowl a *swerver*, or you can, by George, have a go at *silly mid on*. There is some persuasive evidence that Stevenson didn't invent all this *Treasure Island* language — cricket after all began to take shape as a sport in England sometime during Edward I's reign, about five and a half centuries before Stevenson was born.

But one certain truth Canadians will discover this summer is that cricket demands a lot more red-blooded virility than we ever dreamed. For one thing, the fielders wear no protective gloves, and some of them play in much closer to the batsman than third or first basemen do in baseball. All of which leaves nothing between them and a rocketing line drive except a pair of clean white flannels. The batsman is allowed shin guards all right, but with the bowler a mere 62 feet away lofting fly with all sorts of spins, swerves, twists and googlies, he can never be certain whether the ball is going to strike him in the shins, the bat, the wicket or some place more exposed.

None of this will be news to at least 2,500 young Canadian gentlemen. That's how many members the Canadian Cricket Association can boast, and the figure represents something of an upswing in Canadian cricket interest. This new growth owes a good deal to the immigration here of Australians, Scots, West Indians and other cricket-keen colonials. But there's plenty of indication, too, that young Canadians are turning to cricket.

At the Toronto Cricket Club, for one, the junior program was attracting only a dozen boys three years ago, but in 1966 some 60 juniors showed up to learn cricket's special skills.

The word about cricket seems to be spreading in Canada and the word is: you remember a genteel, *Oh, well played, sir*.

JACK BATTEN



A cricket bowler, like this one in action at the Toronto Cricket Club, can hurl as exotic a collection of spins and curves as a Sandy Koufax.



"Scoring to leg" is what the batsman at left is about to do if he can reach the next wicket before it's belted ball is thrown back into play.



A sense for something cool (above) is essential in cricket where matches last all day, sometimes longer, punctuated by the traditional tea break. On the facing page, a young batsmen at the Toronto club demonstrates perfect form for "forcing the ball to off," or driving it into the field.



Photographs by Ken Elliott

The boating bit: it's how the rough-it-in-luxury crowd are going to Expo

RECENTLY I TELEPHONED a friend and his young son answered.

"Dad isn't home," he said. "This is the night he and Mom take their navigation lessons."

"Navigation lessons?"

"Sure. We've rented a cabin cruiser and as soon as summer holidays start we're all cruising down the Seaway from Toronto to Expo. We'll tie up at a marina on St. Helen's Island and live on the boat. Dad says it's the only way a big family like ours can visit Expo and still have some money left over to spend."

Well, they'll be in good company. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip will be among the welcoming visitors to Expo. The royal yacht Britannia will bring the royal couple and party to St. Helen's on July 3 for their visit to Expo.

How many more Canadians — and Americans — will use the water route to Expo? Nobody can tell for sure, of course. But Bruce Proctor, editor of Canadian Boating magazine, points out that there are a third of a million "live aboard" boats in or accessible to the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Seaway systems and that if even 10 percent of the skippers decide on the Expo caper "there'll be one helluva traffic jam around Montreal Island."

No doubt Centennial year in general and Expo in particular have lighted the fuse of Canada's boating explosion (more regattas will be held this year throughout Canada than ever before) but it was inevitable that this country was ripe for a waterborne future. (Not all Canadians realize that, in addition to bordering the world's greatest inland sea, the Great Lakes and containing tens of thousands of inland lakes, eight of the 10 provinces have oceans lapping at their shores.)

Ontario, which shares Great Lakes shorelines with six American states, is by far Canada's greatest boating province. Canada's federal government, which has jurisdiction over navigable waters, doesn't attempt to keep count of all pleasure craft in the myriad waterways of the province — just those boats powered by motors at 10 horsepower or more. Present count on this basis: 300,000.

More than 40 percent of these registrations are in the Lake Ontario area, 20 percent in the Georgian Bay cruising grounds.

The future of boating in Ontario, based on past trends, would indicate an annual growth rate of about 18,000 additional pleasure boats each year. To this would have to be added the increase in boat ownership in the Great Lakes American states, which is approximately 80,000 boats a year. From an analysis of registration in the Great Lakes / *continued on page 47*

By Grattan Gray / Photograph: Peter Varley

A third of a million live-aboard boats are in range of Expo. If just 10 percent try it, 'one helluva traffic jam around Montreal Island'

WHY GOOD TEACHERS DON'T "TEACH" ANY MORE



In new method based on subtle guidance rather than compulsion, pupil Doris Hahn Bui (right) encourages her grade two Saskatoon pupils to set their own pace and learn by seeking knowledge for themselves

"Sit down. Memorize. And be quiet"—that's how teachers used to teach. Many still do. But classroom revolutionaries like Helen Bumphrey, at left, are changing all that. And school will never be the same again—if we're lucky

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

CENTENNIAL YEAR is it turns out is the Year of the Teacher. It's the year of teacher unrest teacher demands teacher strikes and teacher resignations.

It is also the year of teacher introspection. Teachers are aware that too many of them are unskilled the products of quickie how-to-teach courses or summer campuses or a dulling year in an 1890-oriented teachers college. Too many teachers drifted into the profession because they were inferior students or because working in an adult world was alarming. Too many teachers are distracted women waiting impatiently for the arrival of Mr. Right.

Teachers yearn for the high hard ground of elite professionalism which is what the uproar over salaries is all about. Teaching lately has attracted the idealistic youth that wondrously is springing out of the middle class. In every province young teachers form a core of rebellious Turks who rage that their income is inferior to that of friends in easier and less consequential professions. They fume that teacher education is inappropriate for today's child and yesterday's insights that their time is wasted by chores that could be done by clerks, that teachers should have a voice in what is taught and how it is taught.

The priority is more money which the teachers say will slow down the appalling exodus from the profession every June some school systems lose a third of all their teachers annually. But the teachers also are preparing to give the taxpayer more for his money they anticipate that every teacher in the land some day will be graduated from a four-year university course of unimaginable usefulness. To design such an education the Canadian Teachers Federation last autumn appointed a jovial band of nobtuse intellectuals the match in incomprehensibility of eggheads anywhere. The task to outline how that serially marvel a good teacher can be mass produced.

The problem is a philosopher's delight easily supporting 10 rounds of coffee per session since it is both insoluble and urgently in need of solution. Good teachers whenever they are found and examined do not resemble one another in any obvious way. They have neither background education age nor even loudness for children in common. They usually have a measure of empathy most of them even the clownish ones have innate dignity they tend to be truthful and fair they are likable they are readily intrigued they don't wound easily they enjoy themselves. If any of that could be taught at a university it would be beautiful.

The good teachers of a generation ago earned affection not so much for how well they taught, but for themselves, the uniqueness of their vitality or compassion or humor. The lessons from the grubby textbooks of the day have vanished but most adults can remember one outstanding teacher with astonishing clarity in a memory pungent with the smell of germicides and chalk the smooth feel of varnished desktops dust motes skimming in the air the heady sense of being fully alive.

Sometimes the good teachers are remembered by having schools named for them but rarely. A few are feted. Molly Cavalin a French teacher for 30 years in Brandon Man. passed through Toronto casually last summer and was startled by a reception

/ continued on page 57

Food for leisure living

Toronto

It's something from somewhere else

Where did the first response to the Italian Flood Relief Fund come from? Why Toronto, of course. Not just because it's a naturally enthusiastic city, but because it has one of the largest concentrations of Italians in Canada. Little Italy (pop. 300,000) has its own self-appointed mayor, plus an Italian-owned radio station, three Italian newspapers, five Italian cinemas, annual Italian festivals. And Italian restaurants! They're springing up like mushrooms. You find them in little old houses or shiny pizza palaces. The Italians (and the Germans and the Portuguese and the French) are pretty critical of just how Toronto's WASPs handle their food and they've made it a crusade to show them a better

By Hal Tennant. Photos by Tim Saunders

way. Canadians just don't know how to cook vegetables," says one Italian chef. But it's changing—it is, it really is. There's a better selection of good restaurants in Toronto now than five years ago, and they're jammed from Wednesday night on. You can even get a bottle of wine with your Sunday dinner—a blow for freedom from the old Hogtown image. Still there's no trace of a genuine Toronto cuisine, and no real attempt to create one. Toronto is peculiar in its delight with *anything* as long as it's from somewhere else. We've found some of these delicious things from somewhere else—they're Italian, French and Viennese.

For recipes turn to page 38

For 10 years Quebec has been swept by gangland brutality, arson, phony bankruptcies and murder. The worst may be over—but the full dimensions of the terror may never be known. Here's a behind-the-headlines report on what's been called

"The worst network of criminals ever known in Canada"

BY HAL TENNANT



Money lender Monte Dardanes—convicted as Mr. Big of arson-fraud gang

IT IS SIX YEARS since Quebec was first noticeably beset by its notorious wave of phony bankruptcies and arsons for profit and 10 years since two racketeers committed the first of the infamous "limpet murders" by shooting their victim in cold blood and hacking up the corpse with a butcher knife. But even today nobody can describe the full dimensions and implications of these crimes, because a great part of the mess is not cleared up — and won't be probably for several years more.

The worst of the wave is almost certainly over, for arson convictions — dozens upon dozens of them — have put many of the most active culprits behind bars. Yet there are still mysterious fires to be accounted for, suspicious bankruptcies to be investigated, killers to be brought to trial, and bodies to be found. And some of the job already done could become undone for as this is written two arson convictions registered against one man, Louis Sicotte, are under question. Sicotte says he was beaten and tortured into confessing.

There are other questions about the whole mess that may never get answered because they are too difficult or too delicate. Such as what connections the Quebec racketeers have in the international underworld. Or what influence they have had, if any, on politicians in Quebec City and Ottawa. There are indications of links of both kinds, but no prosecutor has ever gone into court to prove they actually exist.

About the only chance of such evidence coming to light now lies with a provincial royal commission on the administration of justice in Quebec. The commission set up in response to demands from the bar associations of Quebec province and Quebec City and headed by Yves Prévost, once a minister in the Union Nationale cabinet of Maurice Duplessis, was to begin public hearings at the end of March. There is no guarantee, however, that the commission will depart from its theoretical plans of reference and find out any more than is already known about Quebec's wave of arsons and bankruptcies.

But what the record shows is astounding enough: not one vast conspiracy, but *several* gangs engaged in *several* vast conspiracies to commit crimes staggering in number, often elaborate in conception and, as a rule, professionally skillful in execution. Anatole Corriveau, chief prosecutor for Quebec City, considers these gangs "the worst network of criminals ever known in Canada."

If nothing more, the Quebec capers are a revealing study in criminal ingenuity. It is doubtful whether any ethnic outlaws ever developed so many cunning variations on a few basic larcenous themes. One gang, in particular, managed as well to combine modern techniques of white-collar crime with old-fashioned tactics of terror and brutality. Though the story is necessarily incomplete, even sample facts and partial figures indicate how serious the three major types of crime were at their worst.

ARSON. In a peak year, Quebec was averaging more than one deliberately set fire per day. Many were the work of three gangs, in particular, who made arson a thriving business. Their technique, basically, was to acquire a building — usually a hotel, a house, a warehouse or a store — then insure it heavily and burn it to the ground. When the crackdown finally came, one gang member, known in the racket as a "torch," pleaded guilty to 52 counts of arson and conspiracy. Incendiary fires took at least half a dozen innocent lives. One blaze that was intended to destroy only a hotel in the village of Lac Frontière, near the U.S. border, got out of control and wiped out the main local industry, a lumbering operation employing several hundred men. A new mill and a new hotel have since been built. Another arson case, involving a $7,500 motel that had been burned down for $13,000 insurance, inspired Judge Albert Dumontier to utter one of the classic understatements of the era. "It is not surprising," he said, "that people complain of the continual increase in insurance rates."

BANKRUPTCY. From 1960 through 1964, some 8,500 companies in Quebec went broke owing $390 million, and in 1965 alone there were commercial bankruptcies worth $106 million. There were cases of legitimate distress among them, of course, but according to a report filed in 1965 by a provincial commission of inquiry, "a large proportion" were frauds. Bankruptcy racketeers, sometimes known as "scam operators," use a basically simple technique: they buy goods on credit, sell them cheap, then declare bankruptcy with the bills still unpaid. In the lumber industry, where "scamming" reached fantastic proportions, even firms unconnected with the frauds got hurt: the racketeers often dumped building materials onto the market at bargain prices no honest firm could match. Phony companies, some bearing names deceptively similar to those of old established firms, popped up and disappeared like spring mosquitoes. One gang alone, the commission found, set up 60 companies, and each lasted only a few months.

MURDER. This was not one of the profitable facets of the rackets, but it was certainly the grisliest. To silence talkative accomplices who "knew too much," certain members of one gang developed a routine procedure for executions. On the pretext of talking business they would lure their victim into a car for a drive along a lonely country road, getting him drunk along the way to make him less wary. At an isolated spot the killers would shoot or bludgeon the man to death, strip the body, cover it with quicklime to make it disintegrate quickly, and leave it in a shallow grave. So / *continued on page 41*



Canada's trade links with Britain and the Commonwealth are vital to the economy. Our nation's exports to Commonwealth countries amount to 1½ billion dollars per year. Of these earnings 20% come from the sale of forest products. The largest Canadian exporter of these forest products is MB

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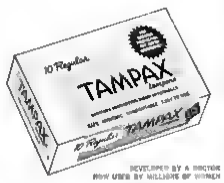
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FOOD *continued from page 35*

Food for leisure living

Toronto

IT MAY SEEM a little odd that our display picture on page 35 shows the extraordinary Italian *pastas* and cheese available in Canada, while our main recipe here is for a French dish—snails—with a Spanish sauce. The fact is that Toronto today is more cosmopolitan than many non-Torontonians realize, and while things Italian seem to symbolize the city better than anything else (except perhaps the new city hall) it would never do to offer Toronto recipes without including at least one from dynamic young French chef, Gaston Schwalb. And *Escargots à l'Espagnole* is his. Gaston, dark, handsome 28, owns a restaurant which he keeps filled every night with people who just like to eat well. He strongly recommends that his *escargots* be accompanied by Pouilly-Fuissé. The hors d'oeuvre and the dessert have been contributed by Toronto housewives who happen to be superb cooks. Their meal is not recommended for anyone on a diet.

Carciofi (artichoke) with Prosciutto

6 artichokes
Béchamel & prosciutto sauce
¼ cup butter
Juice of 1 lemon
Parsley

Clean artichokes by trimming off about one inch from the top, using a sharp knife. Cut off the stem to make a flat base, and pull off any loose leaves from the bottom. Place in a bowl full of cold water and freshly squeezed lemon and leave for about 10 minutes. Shake well, put into lightly salted boiling water and cook for about 10 minutes until less than tender to a fork. Drain partially cooked artichokes, remove and discard the hairy choke from the centre of each by gently pressing the leaves apart and lifting out with a spoon or small knife. Place upright in a buttered earthenware dish. Fill generously with Béchamel Sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (325F.) until sauce is bubbly and lightly browned, about 20 minutes. (Serves six.)

Bechamel and Prosciutto Sauce

¼ cup butter
1 cup milk
5 tbsp freshly grated parmesan cheese
¼ lb prosciutto
3 tbsp flour
2 egg yolks
pinch freshly grated nutmeg

Melt butter in a saucepan over moderate heat. Remove from heat, blend in flour, add milk a little at a time, stirring well after each addition. Return to heat, cook and stir until mixture thickens. Beat eggs together with a fork, add some of the hot mixture and blend well, then return to hot sauce together with parmesan, nutmeg and prosciutto that has been cut into small strips. Mix well.—*From Mrs. Danella Taylor, Toronto*

Escargots à l'Espagnole

from Chef Gaston, Gaston's Restaurant, Toronto

96 snails (2 large cans)
1 large onion
½ cup cooking oil
Salt and pepper
3 green peppers
5½ oz lean, raw ham
2 cloves of garlic
Parsley

Seed the peppers and cut into short thin strips. Chop ham and onion, and saute the peppers, onion and ham in the oil. Add the well-drained snails. Season with salt, pepper and finely grated garlic and saute together until the snails start to brown. Toss with parsley immediately and serve very hot in a deep dish. Snails must be highly seasoned. (Serves six.)

/ continued on page 40

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FOOD FOR LEISURE
continued

Biscuit Roulade

4 eggs, separated
¼ cup cake flour
½ cup fine white sugar
¼ cup plus 1 tbsp all-purpose flour

Beat egg whites until frothy, gradually add sugar and continue beating until the mixture stands in peaks. Beat egg yolks slightly, add to egg-white mixture, beating well. Fold in flour a little at a time. Spread on jelly-roll pan (10 by 15 inches) that has been buttered and floured. Bake in a moderate (350F.) oven for about 15 minutes. Do not overbake or cake will become dry. Immediately turn out on a clean, damp tea towel and roll up like a jelly roll. Allow to cool thoroughly. Unroll and spread with filling. Roll cake and filling. Glaze with chocolate icing.

FILLING: ½ pint whipping cream, ½ tsp white sugar. Sprinkle sugar over whipping cream. Whip till stiff. Spread over unrolled cake.

ICING: 4 squares semi-sweet chocolate, ½ cup unsalted butter, 1 tbsp white sugar.

Melt chocolate, butter and sugar in top of double boiler. Blend together and spread over cake. If too thin, let icing stand until it thickens slightly. If too thick return to double boiler and heat. Icing should be shiny. (Serves eight to 10.) — *From Mrs. Suzie Hickl-Szabo, Toronto.* ★

PARADE

Stop, look and clip

In the basement of a Toronto department store a woman shopper paused before a display of mirrors, her attention caught not so much by the mer-



chandise as by the sight of a neat little man who was standing in front of one large mirror trimming his beard with a pair of pocket scissors.

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"THE WORST NETWORK OF CRIMINALS" *continued from page 36*

What to buy for a murder trip: small bags of caustic lime

lar police have found four such bodies but they know of three other killings and they suspect there have been half a dozen others besides. Criminals and stool pigeons they hoped to bring to justice during have simply disappeared.

The men who hatched such conspiracies as these were an oddly mixed bag. Some like Ovide Boutet were mere thugs willing to do anything for money. Boutet, now in his mid-50s, was an illiterate laborer from Quebec City who made a specialty of setting fires — hence the one who pleaded guilty in those 52 raps. But according to the testimony of an accomplice, Boutet also hammered in the skulls of two fellow criminals marked for death by the gang: Jean-Jacques Gagnon, or the other hand, was an accountant by profession and a published author as well. Several years ago he decided he was an authority on the horses (though he lost a lot at the track) and wrote a book in French called *How To Beat The Parimutuel Odds* which sold for $10 a copy. Gagnon was not notably successful at beating the odds in court, however: he is now serving multiple sentences, including life on two counts of murder.

One of Gagnon's associates, André Lamothe was often identified in the newspapers as a bookkeeper, wood merchant, but that long did he do him justice as a thoughtful and efficient planner. Lamothe used to buy small packages of caustic lime — big ones would have aroused suspicion — and empty them into a bucket which, along with a shovel was his standard equipment on all murder trips. Lamothe's chief distinction, however, is having been implicated in all seven gang murders. He is now serving life for two of them. Another thoughtful schemer was Armand Becotte, a self-styled "account rat-business administrator" who used to scan lists of company liquidations to find companies in financial trouble — enough trouble, perhaps, to be willing to arrange a profitable fire.

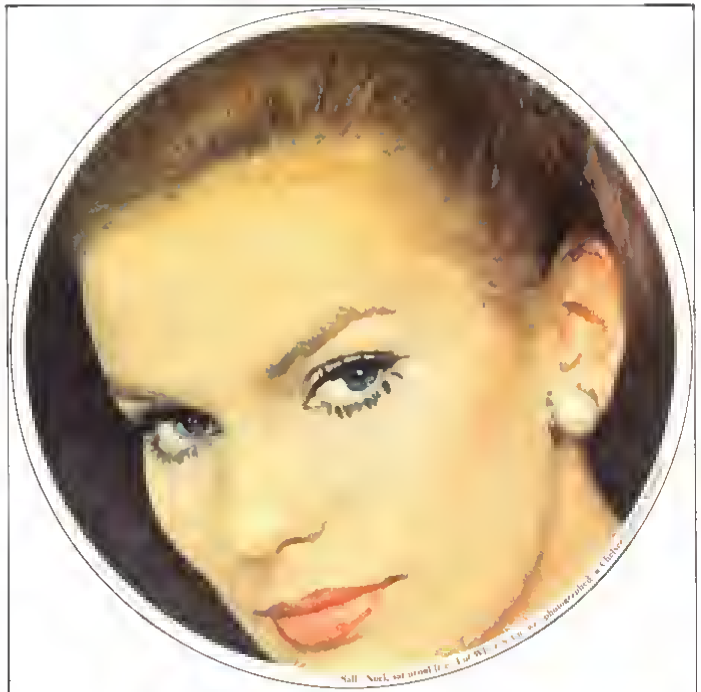
Probably the coolest, most deceptive of the criminals caught so far, however, was Maurice Duranleau — a bespectacled, whiny-voiced money lender who financed many of the biggest frauds (Authorities differ on whether he was the real brains of his gang, but locally at least he was Mr. Big.) Though the prosecutors now say they knew all Duranleau's crooked activities long before they could pin anything on him, he kept up a front for years as a respectable Quebec City businessman. He used to go fishing with a cop who later rose to a high rank in the Quebec City police force. Duranleau served nearly 12 years as a commissionnaire of the Superior Court of Quebec and remained in this part-time post for several weeks after he was arrested for fraud, arson and conspiracy.

Much to the embarrassment of all others involved, Duranleau was the commissioner who witnessed the sweeping out of a document by six Social Credit members of parliament bent on pledging their support of the minority Liberal government in Ottawa immediately after the 1963 election. How did such a man get such an appointment in the first place?

Equally difficult questions can be asked about a totally different chain of connections between the Duranleau gang and certain big-time crooks in the United States. At the very least, the two groups have some interesting mutual friends. Such as Jehen Gagnon, alias Gerry Masse. He is known to have been the source of supply for an odd killing gas the Quebec arsonists often used to disguise the smell of naphtha used in setting fires. Among Gagnon's close friends is Lucien Rivard, the drug smuggler whose Ottawa connections brought about the Dorion inquiry.

On the other hand, many of the arsonists and swindlers who plagued Quebec these past few years were not professional criminals but simply waiters and hotelkeepers, furniture dealers and hardware merchants who thought they saw a good way to make a fast buck. Some carried out their crimes on their own; others fell in with one of the gangs, who were al-

continued on page 44



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YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT

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ANSWERED BY GERALD STEVENS



Garden lights

MRS. I.M.V., FLINT, MICHIGAN

You are correct in stating that the three glass nosturners should be classified as "garden lights" rather than as "vigil lights." Inspecting the mixed contents of a Canadian home of the period circa 1865 recently I discovered hidden away on attic beams a number of these little lights which still mentioned remnants of early mixdim. These lights or a variety thereof could have been manufactured in Canada. However, I do know that similar *signed* lights were produced in the United States.

The lights found in Canada are noted a pale amber, deep amber and deep blue. These were mold blown in three-piece molds and were not pattern-molded or otherwise corrugated. The diamond motif is typical of the period.



Where are the rockers from?

MRS. E.D., MT. LEHMAN, B.C.

I too would appreciate knowing the source of these rocking chairs. From my correspondence it appears that many homes in the Maritimes are graced with rocking chairs similar in concept. These chairs are not of Canadian origin. Because of the cherubim motif on the top rail, many are thought to have originated in Quebec. Even this supposition is refuted by the many examples supplied with spirits decorated with human faces — of monks, fishermen, etc. The general outlines, the lengths of the rear sections of the rockers, and the use of quartered oak, plus the description from several correspondents that the seats are of several sections glued together, suggest that these chairs are of the late 19th and/or early 20th centuries.

Cake plate Victoria

MRS. J.E., MONTREAL

You illustrate a well-known and very desirable Canadian pressed glass cake plate in the Victoria design. There are three variations of this particular form. Yours is the Medallion. A second which differs only in the decoration that surrounds the head has a wreath of flowers ending in a knot and the date 1837.



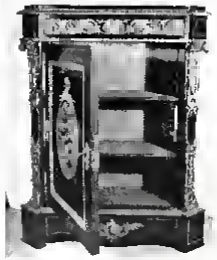
The third variation is similar in concept but reveals the head of the young Queen Victoria superimposed upon the accepted portrait of the Queen when she had aged. The date 1837 indicates only the year of Victoria's coronation.

Several other forms of glass tableware were decorated with a variety of the designs seen on this plate. It is not known where each example was manufactured but excavation and documentation suggest that many if not all should be credited to the Nova Scotia (Diamond) Glass Company at Trenton (1861-1892).

Wine closet

MR. M.D., LAC GUINDON, QUE.

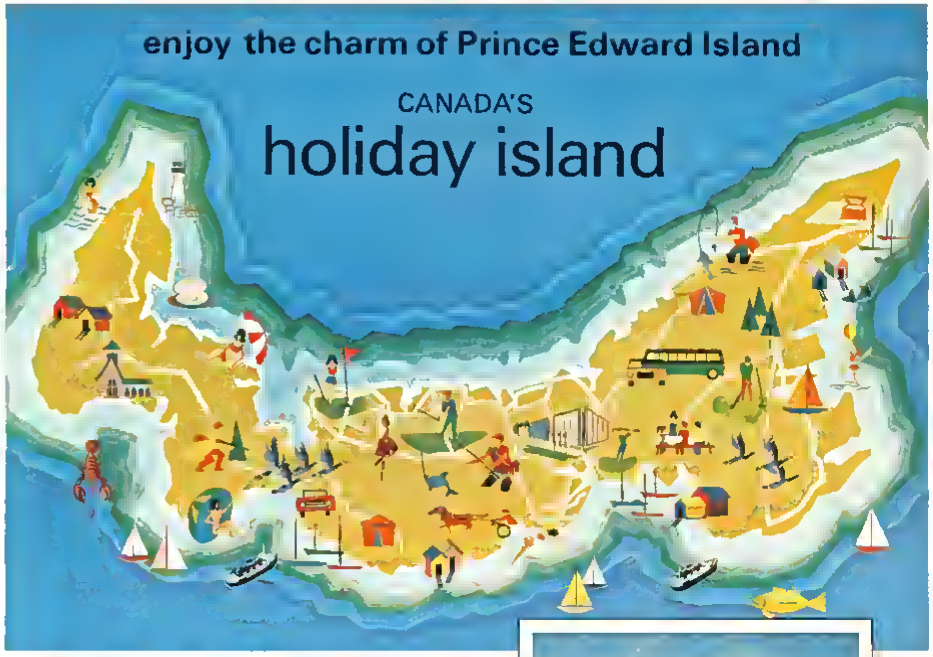
I agree with you doubt that your "wine closet" was made in Canada. The general concept, the design and the massive applications of ormolu suggest the Empire period of French cabinet work circa 1804-1830.



Gerald Stevens invites queries on Canadiana and other art forms. Each letter must be accompanied by a clear photograph and all available data. We cannot undertake to return photographs. Address letters to Canadiana, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Correspondents should enclose stamped self-addressed envelope if personal reply is desired.

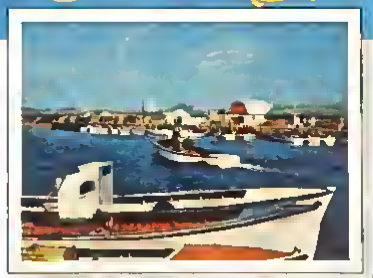
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When accidental fires were scarce, they planned a few

ways on the lookout for new recruits. The Dunbanner gang, in fact, developed a regular system of recruiting new members: whenever they needed the services of some specialist — a torch, a phony insurance adjuster, a muscleman — they could rely on one of several lawyers to tip them off about candidates in jail who could be bailed out or released on payment of a fine.

To the harassed police and prosecutors it seemed that what the independent crooks didn't think of, the gangs did. Among them they contrived a whole range of dodges that evolved something like this:

Do it-yourself arson. A 47-year-old gambler, Alfred Bourque, of Weedon, Que., decided he'd rather own three stinks of insurance money than three cottages. He burned them down — and got three two-year sentences.

The inflated claim. Even accidental fires can be profitable and crooks discovered there was no law (until recently) to stop anybody calling himself a "public adjuster" (a designation common in Quebec). As such many a gangster raised the fun tricks to a science and talked the distraught owner into letting him draw up the claim — for a percentage. Such owners were amazed to learn later how valuable their buildings and contents had been. One group of adjusters even had an innocent housewife monitoring fire calls for them on shortwave radio.

Fire for hire. The way she told it in court, Anita Michaud wanted her restaurant burned, so she simply handed a key to Laurent Rivest, 40, who took care of all the messy details. His fee: $500. (Some torches prefer a percentage deal — anything from 10 to 40 percent.)

Get the sucker into debt

Selected arson. When accidental fires seemed scarce, enterprising public adjusters went out and planned a few. Armand Becotte, the business administrator" who scanned the litigation lists was one of these. So was a gang leader named Wilfrid Jarjour. In a typical caper, Jarjour persuaded Roger Chartrand, 39, of Ste. Therese, to have his garage burned in return for 40 percent of a $26,000 damage claim. ("An odious crime," declared Claude Wagner, then a judge and later provincial minister of justice, as he sentenced Jarjour to 14 years.)

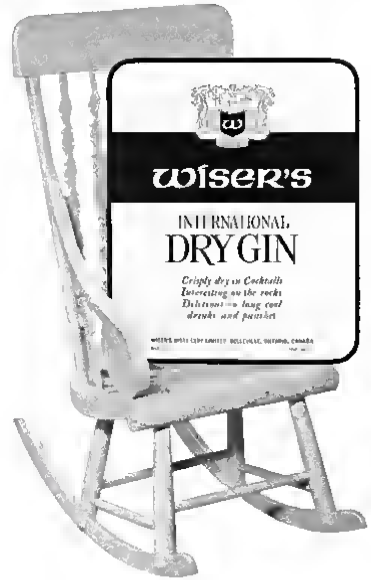
The takeover. Businessmen and building owners who didn't take readily to arson had to be persuaded. The quickest way was to get the sucker hopelessly into debt by lending him money or providing a mortgage, then insisting on bankruptcy or arson when he couldn't pay. Moise Durabanner, the Quebec City moneylender linked with that dodge. In a case that was to become part of his downfall, he put up about $4,000 for a mortgage on a house in St. Lambert de Lévis owned by an innocent party, Mrs. Cora B. Cyr. When she and her husband Alfred couldn't keep up the payments Durabanner had Jean-Jacques Gagnon, accountant, gambler, author and the gang's No. 1 torch, burn the place down and split the insurance money the gang (Like Gagnon, Durabanner is now serving multiple sentences — for arson, fraud and conspiracy.)

"Burning" stock that isn't there. As a variation on the inflated-claim swindle, the next logical step was to remove the goods or furnishings then burn a more or less empty building and file claims for both building and contents. In 1964, food merchants, dealers and producers from many parts of Quebec had stored canned goods, butter and other foodstuffs worth one million dollars in a Montreal warehouse. One day they all got letters saying the goods had been destroyed by fire. In good faith, they filed claims. But shortly after some of the "destroyed" goods were found in excellent condition in a Quebec City warehouse.

Buying up a good name. As a smoother variation of the simple takeover, bankruptcy racketeers found they could sometimes buy a good company's reputation along with its plant and equipment. That's what happened in the case of two brothers we'll call Jean and Jacques Untel. The Untels had operated a sash-and-door manufacturing plant and a retail lumber store in a small Quebec town for 20 years and were well thought of in the trade. Then in 1960, with business booming, they got careless about their spending and began running into debt. Suppliers, comparing notes, found that apart from what they owed routinely on their current bills, the Untel brothers were $35,000 to $40,000 in debt. Suddenly in 1963 the Untels paid off all arrears and Jean left the partnership. Though outsiders had no way of knowing at the time, Jacques had sold out to the mob. Even Jacques himself might have been fooled for a while, for the pitch sounded plausible. An accountant had approached the brothers to say he knew of an investor willing to clear up their debts in return for controlling interest in the plant and store. The investor, he said, saw this as a sound way of getting into a new specialty — prefabricated cottages. And that's what the newly financed firm did — for two years. In 1965, with Jacques Untel still serving as front man, the company went bankrupt, owing $400,000, roughly 10 times the amount the "investor" had put up. Even at this writing, nobody has proved the caper a fraud.

The fast shuffle. When there aren't any mortgage firms ripe for takeover, a wily racketeer can always create his own company, complete with instant respectability and good credit rating. One wheeler-dealer buying lumber on credit by telephone used to give, as a

continued on page 46



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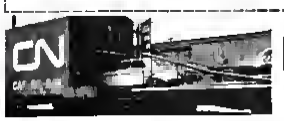
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reference the name of my bank manager" and his phone number. The "bank manager's" phone was, in fact, a second telephone on the wheeler-dealer's own desk. When it rang, he would answer in a disguised voice and, of course, give himself an excellent credit rating. But even suppliers too wary to be taken in by such a simple ploy as this were often fooled unknowingly by the confusing army of companies the gangsters set up to order goods and provide credit references for each other and to ship materials and products back and forth. Even a cautious supplier often had no practical way of keeping track of where the goods were that he was still expecting to be paid for. And when the delinquent company suddenly declared itself bankrupt, the creditors who closed in to demand their share of any remaining funds often included several *phony* companies owned by the same gang as the bankrupt firm. Thus even some token payments made during winding up went into the racketeers' pockets.

But build and burn. Here was the perfect blend, at last, of arson and bankruptcy. Rather than dump lumber on the market at distress prices, a firm intending to go bankrupt would sell to a sister company, also owned by the gang. The second firm would use the lumber to throw up "chalets" which, in fact, were little more than shells. Usually they would be located in a remote area where no one was likely to notice what was going on. With its stock of lumber gone and its bills, of course, still unpaid, the first firm would declare bankruptcy. Shortly after, the second firm, having stocked its "chalets" with cheap secondhand furniture, would find its new buildings razed by fire. Thus by torching stolen goods, the crooked firms managed a double payoff.

Such tactics overwhelmed the police throughout Quebec for years until late in 1964 when Claude Wagner, then minister of justice appointed a special prosecutor, Gerard Laganiere, to organize a fight against the racketeers. Laganiere, now a criminal court judge, provided one vital element the police had lacked all along: proper co-ordination between various local forces. Until then, police in three neighboring towns might be working separately on three arson cases when a comparison of clues would have indicated that one man had committed all three crimes. And Montreal newsmen still like to tell how a crook out on bail in a case being heard in one jurisdiction could walk into another court on another charge in another jurisdiction and pose as an innocent first offender. Laganiere got around this problem by establishing direct authority over at least one policeman in each force, including the Quebec Provincial Police. These men still working in their own jurisdictions, but reporting direct to Laganiere, became known as the "Little FBI."

Even before the Little FBI was organized, police had managed to do some gangbusting — though their success in some cases depended partly on lucky breaks. Such as one they got in June 1964. Searching for evidence against bomb-throwing terrorists, police raided houses and business establishments in and around Montreal. Instead of what they were looking for, they found files indicating that bankruptcy racketeers had fleeced insurance companies, creditors and others out of about $20 million. Within a month, Armand Becotte had turned Crown witness, and the breakup of his gang was under way.

But the big breakthrough came in August 1965 — and it came about through careful planning and patient investigative work that had begun even before the Little FBI was formed. Authorities say now they knew for years that Moise Darabaner was an active swindler but they bided their time until they could find a major and substantial complaint to justify raiding his office and seizing all his files, so they could go into court with a thorough case against him.

They finally got that opportunity in August 1965. A Quebec City woman complained that, as president of Junior Holdings Ltd., she had been swindled out of $115,000 by Darabaner and one of his associates, Gaston Constantin. Once Darabaner's files were in police hands and both men were under arrest, Constantin decided to "tell all." His testimony implicated Darabaner in several other crimes. Among them were three arson cases including the one involving Mrs. Cora B. Cyr's house. Darabaner pleaded guilty.

The heat was on

As soon as the heat was on, arsonists and swindlers began squealing on each other. And some of the first revelations, in turn, led to four of the kidnaps. All four victims had either incriminated members of the Darabaner gang or seemed likely to do so. The victims were Alberic Bilodeau, whose hotel had been deliberately burned; Redemptam Faucher, who had set many of the fires; and Paul Rioux and Henri-Paul Chaudonnet, both businessmen who took part in some of the swindles.

But as the police rounded up more gangsters and piled up more evidence, the killers themselves began squealing. In late September and early October of 1965 handcuffed prisoners led police out to lonely groves in swamp countryside less than an hour's drive south of Quebec City. As one decomposed corpse after another was unearthed, Quebec's rackets for the first time became hot front-page news all over Canada.

Justice Minister Claude Wagner told newsmen that unidentified gangsters had telephoned him and vaguely suggested they might make some kind of deal — he didn't know what kind of deal they had in mind. "The overlords," he said triumphantly, "have begged us for mercy."

But few of those overlords, even yet, seem likely to see the inside of a jail cell and Anatole Corriveau, the Quebec City prosecutor, says: "We may never know how big some of these gangs were."

And the task of bringing even the small fry of Quebec gangland to justice seems likely to keep police, prosecutors, courts and jailers occupied for a long time yet. ★

They're boat crazy in BC—they've got 103,000 to prove it

states contiguous to Ontario's waterways and including the potential from Manitoba and Quebec, it has become clear that this year two million boats of all sizes can reach Ontario conveniently either directly by water or over the highway grid that serves the province. Pleasure boating, in short, has become a mass activity in Ontario.

Realizing the tremendous influx of boating to Ontario during the next few years, the Canadian Hydrographic Service is preparing several new charts of Ontario's inland waters. The entire Trent-Severn Waterway will be resurveyed, and complete surveys will be undertaken in the Lake of the Woods and the upper Ottawa River areas.

The reason for the hydrographic survey is obvious. If the waterways are to accommodate the growing number of boats, the interrelated lakes and rivers should be treated as a part of a system to encourage the dispersal of traffic over as wide an area as possible. Tobermory, the North Channel or Georgian Bay may provide magnificent cruising, but if access along Lake Huron is dangerous and uncertain, or if facilities do not exist for trailered boats, then only a minor portion of their potential will be used. Similarly, the Rideau Lakes provide ample area to accommodate far more boats than now use them, and to relieve the congestion on the Rideau Canal system. Currently, however, the lack of charts for the lakes district restricts their use to only a portion of the potential traffic now largely confined to the defined channels.

Although Ontario leads in the total number of pleasure craft, Canada's British Columbia has more per capita. A government survey in mid-1966 showed there were 66,000 pleasure boats in the Vancouver and Vancouver Island area. That's just for ocean boating. Add another estimated 17,000 craft on the interior lakes and you've got a total of 103,000 — a huge average of more than one for every six families.

The Vancouver area alone has 56 builders whose combined production ranges from small pacts to palatial yachts. The area has 44 dealers, 20 marinas where you can berth your boat and have it serviced, and 10 major boat-rental concerns all doing brisk business during the boating season, which lasts longer than in any other province.

Vancouver harbor has 92 miles of shoreline and just around the corner from the harbor is Howe Sound. This is often called Vancouver's Inland Sea for it offers hundreds of square miles of superb boating and sailing waters. In the Strait of Georgia, in view of Vancouver, there are hundreds of islands to be explored. It would take a month of cruising to see all of this tranquil, beautiful region.

Down below the border is Puget Sound, a huge area that could not be covered in a whole summer's sailing. Up the coast from Vancouver and on Vancouver Island there are thousands of miles of deeply indented shoreline, hardly changed in most aspects from the days of the Spanish explorers who first explored the area in the 1700s.

The lake and river systems of the BC interior have all that is desired for the pleasure boater. Among them are expansive Okanagan Lake, Shuswap Lake with 700 miles of shoreline, the Arrow Lakes, huge and untouched, the Columbia and Fraser Rivers for the adventurous. As well, there are thousands of lakes and streams known

PARADE

Reach — he's got the drop

There was a persistent cougher in the back pew of a small United church in rural Prince Edward Island. The new young minister put up with it as long as he could. Then he fumbled in his pocket a moment and let fly a dead shot at the offender who beamed his thanks as the minister warned the chuckling congregation that this was the only cough drop he had.

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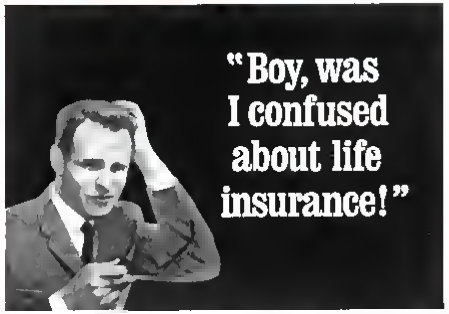
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"All these technical insurance terms such as non-forfeiture benefits, renewable options, assignment, really had me scratching my head in confusion. But now it all makes sense since I had a most enlightening talk with a Canadian Order of Foresters life insurance representative.

Fussy thing, with all its service. He gave me five facts I hadn't thought of in one of those annoying high pressure sales pitches. He did am so said and how glad I was to hear it. That's my kind of insurance man!

A Canadian Order of Foresters representative is most everyone's kind of insurance man. This is because all of the thousands of men and women who have come into the Order of Foresters professional fraternal planning service. It's worth a visit to discuss your personal problems with the personal services he will gladly provide.

C.O.F. representatives especially are common by men and women. They've still work with community based constituents so we feel through active participation is worthy projects.

Does it make sense to call us a man? So this first initiative assurance advice? See your Canadian Foresters insurance man soon or write for our free booklet. It's great about LIFE INSURANCE. There's no obligation and the only thing you have to lose is your conviction.

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Boating on the prairies? You bet!

only by the nerves given them by the local inhabitants. There are few places in British Columbia where a man is more than half an hour from flat boating water.

Neither British Columbians nor eastern Canadians think of the prairie provinces as "boating country" — but they're wrong. True, the landlocked provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan offer less water area than the others, but their boating devotees are no less keen and Saskatchewan is the scene of the most interesting new boating area in Canada: a 140-mile long artificial lake to be known as Lake Saskatchewan. The first public marina will be built on the lake next year. This lake falls all the requirements for good boating. It is easily accessible, large enough, and because it is now the government can plan its proper development. Eighteen launching ramps will be set up along its shores and marinas will be constructed at three places — Elbow, Saskatchewan Landing and the Gardiner Dam. All of this is to be completed by 1968. This year some facilities will be in operation at Elbow. About 30,000 Saskatchewan families own pleasure boats and this number increased by about 10 per cent annually.

Manitoba with huge Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipegosis and countless other waterways is a boater's paradise. The province has also adopted the Lake of the Woods system in far western Ontario with the result that probably as many Manitobans as Ontarians use its waters.

Boating in the Province of Quebec has also increased considerably. The broad reaches of the St. Lawrence River afford excellent boating as well as the thousands of inland lakes and rivers. Quebec is the home of many fine yachts and yacht clubs and there is considerable need for expansion of her boating and marina facilities.

The boating scene is little different in the Atlantic provinces. For the most part, good marina facilities are sorely lacking and because much of the navigable water is oceanic the east is the home of the larger sail boats and cruisers.

Charlottetown has a fine yacht club and both Summerside and Montague are making strides in the yacht-club field.

In Newfoundland, about 80 percent of all pleasure boaters trailer their boats to lakes and ponds within easy reach of almost every community.

St. John's has the most pleasure boat owners in Newfoundland followed by Grand Falls, Gander and Corner Brook. There are now about 3000 boats at Happy Valley, Labrador which is about five miles from Goose Bay airport, and there are said to be plenty on Goose River Trail Lake Melville.

It is anticipated that there will be a healthy increase in boat sales in Newfoundland over the next few years. Like the rest of Canada, Newfoundlanders are finding that there's less pleasure in driving than in getting away from it all by boat. ★

JASPER **By Simpkins**



"Gee, Dad, I'm getting tired of fish and berries. When are the tourists coming?"

MACLEAN'S



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Hubert Aquin in Switzerland:

ONE SEPARATIST TOO MANY

Hubert Aquin, a Quebecois and a separatist, was arrested in Montreal in June 1964 charged with carrying a concealed weapon. He was eventually acquitted of the charge, but while he awaited trial in a mental hospital he wrote a bizarre spy novel, Prochain Episode, excerpts of which appeared in the June 4 1966 issue of Maclean's. The book, the story of a Quebec separatist who works for the Cause in French Switzerland, was an instant best seller. And a year later Aquin followed the footsteps of his fictional hero to Switzerland for an extended holiday. Here he tells what happened then.

I was acquitted of my criminal case in December 1965 which made for a happy Christmas. I went on writing, organizing projects, dreaming up fantastic scenarios. I even tried a little acting. I played the role of a spy who bungles everything he attempts. Yet all this activity was somehow disenchanting. I left Montreal in May 1966, looking for a year or two of holiday. I bought an airplane ticket for New York-Geneva. Just a holiday — not a quick side step out of debt. But I've learned that people who suddenly take off — just like that — are later suspected of every possible failing or perverted motive. At first people called my departure surprising, then hasty, then cowardly — and that leaves it open to the worst conclusions.

The truth is, I was earning a very comfortable living, despite all the uproar that surrounded my arrest and court case. The only problem was that I had no fixed employment, and had to take whatever turned up — one of the inconveniences of becoming a political figure. If there was a bank



Hubert Aquin: "Swiss police obviously believe that there's collusion between separatists everywhere and Swiss fanatics. And there was I, a separatist."

ruptcy involved in my departure, it was personal and emotional, not financial.

So I left with a few bags and a great deal of eagerness. I wandered around Lausanne, I visited Paris a few times, and I settled down in Switzerland on the shores of Lake Geneva.

I'm afraid the political structure of Switzerland needs a little explanation at this point. The 800,000 inhabitants of French Switzerland are divided into five cantons: Valais, Vaud, Fribourg, Geneva and Neuchatel. (German Switzerland has five million inhabitants.) There's also the question of the inhabitants of the Jura Alps, who are asking for a canton of their own, or at least a special status within their present canton of Bern, for they speak French and the German speaking canton of Bern has shown no inclination to grant them any privileges.

And so I went to live in Nyon, about 20 miles from Geneva. Not a political refugee, not a fugitive from Interpol, just a *Quebecois* — albeit somewhat weary of his own country, for the time being. My apartment looked out on blue sky, Nyon and the glistening Alps of Mont Blanc. I duly went to police headquarters to register, as all foreigners living in Switzerland must do. They looked over my completed forms and told me to go

His secret gin recipe isn't a secret anymore.



The year is 1769.

A Highland Scot, name of Alexander Gordon, arrives in London. And starts, of all things, a gin distillery.

The English just laughed.

Soon, they stopped laughing. His gin was no laughing matter.

It was so good that they figured he must know something they didn't. And they were right.

Mr. Gordon knew how to make the finest gin in the world. From a very special and secret recipe perfected by, and known only to him.

Craftily, he kept it under his tam. Until the time came for it to be passed on to the next Gordon. And so on.

200 years later, Gordon's Gin is still made to that same exact and original formula.

Only now, it's the largest-selling gin in the world. And we make it in nine countries, including Canada.

But to make sure its wonderful taste never varied from place to place, we had to let nine other people in on the secret.

Now that you know the truth, we hope you won't hold it against us.

After all, Alexander Gordon didn't keep his secret either.



Life was good in Switzerland... Then the police called

ahead and move in, sign the lease. My residence permit would be sent in the mail. No problem, they told me, it's not as if you wanted to work here.

It was a beautiful day, July 2, 1966, and I went straight from the police station to the rental agency. July 13, I moved in. Another beautiful day. I had my first meal on my own balcony, overwhelmed by the scenery.

Furniture, bit by bit. Perversely enough, I'm in love with Empire style, which is extremely rare and so my furnishings were extremely sparse. And the load — all in all, life was a distinct pleasure.

But it had all the problems imposed by exile, voluntary or not. You're cut off from your own people, from friends, you depend on the mailbox, watch for the mailman, make excuses to yourself for the letters that don't come — sunk at sea, perhaps, or sent to Japan by mistake. I waited for cheques, letters, replies, signs of friendship, there were days when I would have done anything for a postcard. The exile lives on his mail, two deliveries a day meant two moments of living a day, and one on Saturday, but never on Sunday.

But the sun shone and I discovered Switzerland, along with exile. I was happy at home, at ease.

And then, early one morning, the mail brought a summons from the security police of the canton of Vaud. So I went to Lausanne uneasy, making up crimes to fit the punishment — maybe I had robbed a bank without realizing it? You never know what police will imagine, just for the simple pleasure of having a chat with you. And I suppose that my long study sessions with the anti-terrorist squad in Montreal have given me great distaste for anything that even hints at interrogation.

There we were, a Swiss police officer and a quiet French Canadian face to face across the table.

Family name, given names, age, birthplace, address, profession, salary, money in bank, what are you living on? And so on. Politely — I've learned to be polite with the police — I answered with as little detail as possible.

Once our little discussion was under way, I knew I hadn't been brought all the way to Lausanne just to talk about my literary ambitions and my consolidated debts.

Is it true that in July 1964 you were arrested in Montreal and put in prison?"

I turned words around on my tongue, ate and swallowed them all.

"Are you carrying a firearm?"

No." I replied.

You're sure? A false declaration would be a very serious matter."

No. I have no weapon... unless you want to count the 1914 bayonet that hangs on my wall. I use it as a letter opener, you know, when I'm not out scalping Swiss citizens!

So you have no weapon with you in Nyon?"

No. I assure you."

Is it true that you publicly called for violence and terrorism?"

As everyone knows, my heart is as pure as the sunlight, and all you have to do to terrorize me is to pronounce the word "terrorism." Finally, by the two-and-two-are-four method, I proved that I have always looked for good and fought evil. I was so perseverant that I brought back my own self-confidence. But he had me on one point, yes, of a certain time I had deviated from the party line of the RIN.

"Is this party, the RIN, connected with foreign organizations?"

No, it's a Quebec party.

The inspector, subtle as a Red Guard, tried to make me say that the RIN is subsidized by the Kremlin.

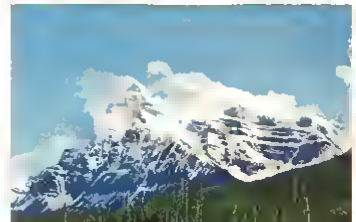
What are the political views of the RIN?"

I wish Pierre Bourgault, the party leader, could have heard me then. I made a grand exposition on the position of the separatists, then of the federalists, and then a rousing speech about independence. But the inspector, instead of handing over membership dues to join the party immediately, jumped to the FLJ.

I might explain that the FLJ (Front de Liberation Jurassien) and the Rassemblement Jurassien are two move-

continued on page 48j







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7:20 a.m. When Dad reaches for his razor...does he use it where he *wants* to—or where he *has* to? If your bathroom doesn't have the electrical outlets and modern lighting you'd like it to have, chances are it was wired in the days when the shaving mug was man's latest aid to good grooming. But times have changed. Why not have your home rewired to meet present-day needs? You'll be amazed at how up-to-date wiring will help modernize your bathroom—and every other room in your home.



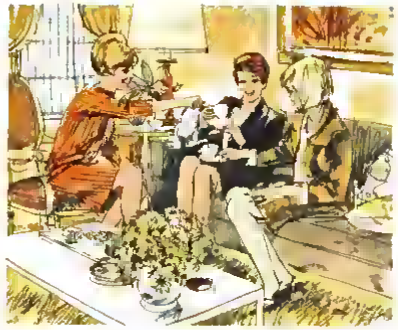
7:30 a.m. Do your kitchen appliances have to take turns waiting for an outlet? Do you have to wait until the coffee's ready before you plug in the toaster? Modern wiring ends breakfast-time bottlenecks by letting you use as many appliances at the same time as you choose. Bonus point: up-to-date wiring will give you more electrical outlets all through your home, to save you time and footsteps all day long.



10:30 a.m. Does your home have power enough to run as many large appliances as you'd really like to own? Modern wiring will carry plenty of power for the washer, dryer or dishwasher you need today, and any other electrical timesavers you may add in the future. It's also worth knowing that up-to-date wiring will help all your appliances work more efficiently and give you longer service.



11:20 a.m. Are you making the most of electrical living outside your home? Can you mow your lawn, run your power tools, perc your coffee or just lean back and watch TV on your patio or porch? All these conveniences can be yours with modern wiring. Something else to consider is exterior lighting. It can do a lot for the looks of your home—and the liveliness of your outdoor entertaining.



3:15 p.m. When you invite your guests to make themselves comfortable, can they? Is the climate in your home as pleasant as it might be? If inadequate wiring is holding you back from the benefits of air conditioning, or the carefree comforts of electric heating, you have another good reason to consider rewiring. After all, there's no place like home, why not make it as cosy as you can?



7:00 p.m. Do you always have lots of hot water in your home? Or are bath times suspended on laundry days? Put an end to hot water problems once and for all with a Cascade 40 electric water heater. It will supply all the hot water you're ever likely to need.



7:45 p.m. When the home handyman retires to his workshop, does electricity help him as much as it could? With modern wiring, he'll have all the outlets he wants, exactly where he wants them. He'll have plenty of lighting for even the most finicky jobs. Nothing could make his hobby quite so pleasant (except, perhaps, a few kind words about his work).



11:30 p.m. Tonight, will you relax knowing you've done something to add to the comfort, coziness and value of your home? You could. Just get in touch with a qualified electrical contractor. Or call your Hydro. Find out how the extra safety and convenience of all-electric living can easily become a part of *your* home. You could be pleasantly surprised to learn that modern wiring costs less than you think.

your hydro

"Who initiated the inquiry about me? The Swiss? The RCMP?"

ments that demand canton status for the Bernese Jeras The Swiss call these movements extremist yet the Jurassian "fanatics" went to stay inside the Helvetian Confederation

The inspector deadpan questioned me on possible links between the RIN and the FLJ I denied it vigorously and I knew I was wasting my breath

The Swiss police obviously believe that all separatists everywhere are linked with those Jurassians. I deduced that the police are incredibly sensitive about this word "separatism" so much so that they lump together the Jurassians, who are federalists, and the Quebec movements for secession Police seem a bit paranoid come what may they believe in the collusion of "extremist elements" everywhere

Time passed The questions gradually built up I began to realize that these gentlemen of the Vaudoise police had a copy of my secret dossier courtesy of the RCMP Truth, I was learning turns out to be stronger than my own fiction! It's enough to make one give up writing spy stories

My inspector asked what type of weapon I was carrying when I was arrested in Montreal I answered immediately

"A .38

"What make?"

(Silence)

"What type of weapon?"

"An automatic I don't know what make"

And what happened to your automatic?"

Since he had my dossier right there, he could at least have taken the trouble to read it

"Well they kept it in the Palais de Justice"

"Impounded?"

"Your choice of word"

I rose a little from my chair — to adjust the crease in my trousers of course — and saw the two documents in front of the inspector One was a single page letter headed (I had to read it upside down) Montreal and the date I think it must have been a letter from the Swiss consulate in Montreal which had been ordered to make an inquiry about me Apparently the honorable Swiss diplomat didn't realize that one can have a judicial file and yet be acquitted of the charge!

"How do I free myself?"

Did the Swiss consulate in Montreal act on its own initiative? I'll never know Some people — usually well informed sources, as they say — assured me that the initiative had come from the RCMP But I'll never know that either And who cares? I haven't time to worry about things I can't verify My only worry is the future how do I free myself of this?

Got back to Lausanne I couldn't tell the inspector "Now now don't worry I'll cross the border by daybreak" because I was well and truly settled in Switzerland responsible for a two-year lease And it wasn't the moment to test his sense of humor with a stream of earthy Quebec epithets

In two weeks," the inspector told me as he showed me to the door you will know about your residence permit I'll send my report to the federal police. They'll make the decision"

Optimistic or naive or both I really thought the federal police would take me at my word and give me my residence permit After all I had come to Switzerland to play with words and look at the Alps not to mix in subversive political anti-Swiss activities

But I knew that the Lausanne interrogation had shaken me I walked cautiously afraid the very Swiss soil would erupt under my feet And then I conquered my horrible insecurity and began to believe that they didn't really intend to throw me out

September October shimmering in sunlight I continued to work on my baloney I got further along with my new novel

Suddenly November 19 the mail held another surprise Come to police headquarters in Nyon I went into town Place du Château

In the police station, the officer smiled and told me It's just a simple

continued on page 48h

You know how you always imagined Spain to be:



That's the way it really is.

You know what Spain is like

You instantly recognize the village square of a Goya painting The light is as sensuous as you had always imagined The people are as proud the music as thrilling The castles as magnificent and the bullfights as spectacular as all the books paintings and films had led you to hope

Yet the prices in Spain are surprisingly low In Madrid you can spend a full week enjoying the bullfights, jai alai matches and flamenco cabarets and your bill at a fine hotel is less than $50

Or stay at a 10th Century Spanish Castle with modern comforts Cost? Under $6 a day

Come to Spain on Iberia Air Lines The food is excellent. The service superb — only the plane gets more attention than you when you fly with the Air Lines of Spain Iberia



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"I was going to be expelled—and had to pay to learn it"

formality. Your residency permit has been refused. Please sign here."

"What is this document?" I asked.

"Just sign here. That proves you have been told."

I signed. I was about to leave when the policeman added: "That will be 15 *francs* 90 *sous*, please."

"Fine. Imagine that is what one must do to learn that he is being expelled."

It's a little Swiss custom, no doubt. And everything in Switzerland is so carefully taxed, it's normal that one should pay to be expelled! Fifteen *francs* 90, that's far less than the 30 *francs* a residency permit would have cost, let alone the taxes that would have followed.

That day, as I walked through the clouds of snow, I felt very close to the Spaniards and the Italians who come to Switzerland as foreign workers. They are never anything but heavy laborers, lodged in dormitories, often without their wives and families, and suspected of every jewel theft that occurs. Newspaper reports show that, in almost every case of robbery, the victims or the police think they saw Italian or Spanish never-do-wells at the scene of the crime.

And I wasn't even a foreign worker. I was a foreign unemployed, a foreigner who had just paid to be expelled. "And a stranger in Switzerland." I wrote in a letter to the newspaper, *Gazette de Lausanne*, "is a type of plague which one tolerates as long as he is a millionaire or a laborer. I'm neither. I'm a French Canadian, a separatist. . . . In short, being a foreigner is only one of my failings. That's what it takes to be politely thrown out of Switzerland. And that is precisely what has happened to me."

The reason given by the federal police was laconic: "foreign overpopulation." In Switzerland that phrase is a phrase of exorcism, but, above all, a handy way to hide discriminatory measures. If I had really been nothing but one body too many in the country, there would have been no need for the grilling on my political activities in Quebec and my ideological beliefs.

A small consolation: I made the headlines. "HUBERT AQUIN OVERPOPULATES SWITZERLAND." "A CANADIAN NOVELIST MUST LEAVE THE COUNTRY." "RESIDENCE PERMIT REFUSED TO A CANADIAN WRITER."

Seven weeks — then out

Since that day, I've met many French Swiss who have dissociated themselves from the actions of the federal police. The colleagues I couldn't contact before suddenly appeared with embarrassing fervor. Their Johnny come-lately friendship had no future; my thoughts and emotions were already elsewhere. I was concentrating on the problems of moving. I had exactly seven weeks to leave an apartment where I had lived for several months.

The Canadian embassy in Bern certainly didn't protest my expulsion. Anyway, it never occurred to me to ask Ottawa's diplomats to defend the rights of a Quebec nationalist.

I sold the furniture I had chosen piece by piece. Then I took my courage in hand and gathered up all my belongings. Now I know what it is to be a Displaced Person. I was expelled from a country where I had done nothing wrong for the simple reason that several years earlier, I had openly fought the federal regime in Canada. I thought I knew all I wanted to know of the treatment reserved for a separatist in his own country. I didn't realize I was going to learn what happens in Switzerland as well.

Bern ostracized me, and that taught me that the separatist has some importance after all. It's recognition in reverse: you end up being an obsession in the life of the people who oppose you and push you aside. You take up separatism quietly and calmly, then despite yourself you burst into exasperation and fervor. At first you want good relations with the other side, in the end they drive you to the active despair of the revolutionary.

Adapted from Le Magazine Maclean *by Penny Williams*





Another adventure in one of the 37 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"





Halfway down this 90-foot spar I nearly reached the end of my rope!

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3. "Then it happened! The spur on my left foot slipped, the other foot was no support. I shot downward! From below I heard the rope" Frantically I dug my steel corded safety rope into the spar. It held!

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A new Canadian opera retells the tragedy of LOUIS RIEL

A UNIQUE CANADIAN OPERA will form a major part of the Canadian Opera Company's Centennial season. Rare enough are operas written and composed by Canadians on a Canadian theme — in this case the tragic life and death of Louis Riel, but this one is performed in intermingled French and English. Another innovation is an onstage screen on which are projected contemporary newspaper headlines, which serve to move the action forward vividly.

Louis Riel was commissioned by the Floyd S. Chalmers Foundation with the financial assistance of the Centennial Commission and the Canada Council. The music was composed by Harry Somers, to a libretto by Mavor Moore in collaboration with Jacques Languirand. The libretto, based on the historical record, is freely shaped for dramatic purposes. It is written in verse but for reasons of space the text is printed here in continuous lines. The opera will first be performed at O'Keefe Centre, Toronto, on September 23, and again on September 28 and October 11. Additional performances will be in Montreal's Place des Arts on October 19 and 21 as part of Expo 67.

The excerpt published below is of the closing scenes of the opera. After the rebellion was crushed at Batoche, Riel gave himself up, and as the scene opens his trial is starting in Regina, July 28, 1885.

ON SCREEN: *The Queen vs Riel*

(We are in the courtroom in Regina—a small room crowded with the judge's table, the witness box, the jury box and visitors' boxes. The lights come up. The judge and the assistant sit at the judge's table. The jury members are men from merchants and lone farmers. For the Crown, B. B. Osler and T. C. Casgrain, the latter from Quebec. For the defense, F. X. Lemieux and Charles Fitzpatrick. There are several ladies in the visitors' gallery, many of them wives of the distinguished participants and thus dressed in the height of fashion. Riel is in the witness box.)

JUDGE: Louis Riel, you are charged with high treason. The clerk will put the question, please.

CLERK: Your Honor, before he puts the question, the defense would like to raise its own the jurisdiction of this court. This is a capital case, and the law provides that treason shall be tried not by a magistrate but a judge.

JUDGE: Overruled.

LEMIEUX: In a provincial capital.

JUDGE: Overruled.

LEMIEUX: ... before a jury of 12, not six.

JUDGE: Overruled. This court will try this case. Proceed.

CLERK: Louis Riel, are you guilty or not guilty?

RIEL: I have the honor to answer the court. I am not guilty.

CHORUS: NOT GUILTY! HE PLEADS NOT GUILTY! NOT GUILTY!

JUDGE: The Crown may proceed.

(As each witness enters the box, his or her identity is established on the screen and a testimonial theme is heard.)

ON SCREEN: *Major General Middleton*

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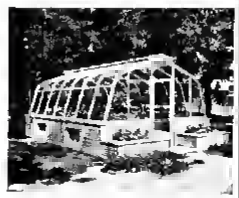
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LOUIS RIEL
continued

O. C. Militia

MIDDLETON: Riel told me he had a mission in destiny. The British Empire. He thought that others would come in his aid. Americans, Irish, Germans, Poles—either mad or a bloody fool!

CHORUS: EITHER MAD OR A BLOODY FOOL!

ON SCREEN: *Captain H. Young, North West Mounted Police*

YOUNG: Riel was the leader all the way. He carried no arms. He entered a cross. He knew the half breeds worshipped him. He figured it out. Mister Riel is either brilliant or insane.

CHORUS: EITHER BRILLIANT OR INSANE!

ON SCREEN: *Poundmaker, chief of the Crees*

POUNDMAKER: Louis Riel sent me this message. Rise. And if you possibly can destroy Fort Battleford. We fight in the name of God, of Jesus Christ, the Holy Virgin and Saint Joseph.

CHORUS: THE HOLY VIRGIN AND SAINT JOSEPH!

RIEL: Your Honor, may I say a word?

JUDGE: Not now. Your counsel, who have come at great expense from Montreal, will put your questions. Please proceed.

ON SCREEN: *Charles Nolin, Métis*

NOLIN: Il est resté chez moi trois mois.

JUDGE: The jury does not understand. Translate.

LEMIEUX: He stayed three months with me.

NOLIN: Il disait qu'il avait reçu mission de Dieu.

LEMIEUX: He said he had a mission from God.

NOLIN: De converser la Reine et le Pape.

LEMIEUX: To overthrow the Queen and the Pope.

NOLIN: Et devenir le Pape du Nouveau Monde.

LEMIEUX: And be the Pope of the New World.

NOLIN: Il disait que Dieu lui parlait dans ses boyaux.

LEMIEUX: He said God told him through his bowels.

NOLIN: Et puis, il a dit qu'il avait le feu inspiré.

LEMIEUX: ... and claimed his liver was inspired.

CHORUS: HE CLAIMED HIS LIVER WAS INSPIRED!

RIEL: Your Honor, before this witness leaves...

JUDGE: You must sit down.

RIEL: I want to ask...

JUDGE: Your men will come but at the end. We'll hear the witnesses for defense.

ON SCREEN: *Dr. François Roy, Beauport Asylum, Quebec*

ROY: Ten years ago, the prisoner was a patient in my hospital for about a year and a half.

LEMIEUX: Name the disease he suffered from.

ROY: Megalomania.

CHORUS: MEGALOMANIA!

LEMIEUX: What are the symptoms, Dr. Roy?

ROY: The most important is that subjects are quite sane in other ways.

LEMIEUX: And on the mania?

ROY: Uncontrolled. Touch on that spot, they go wild. They are kings or queens, or prophets, yes!

LEMIEUX: And in that state would he be master of his acts, know right from wrong?

ROY: No, he would not.

DELUE: Are all religious leaders then megalomaniacs? Mahomet? Buddha? Bhagwan Young?

ROY: Who knows? I would have to examine each one first.

DELUE: Your Honor, would you permit me only...

JUDGE: Will you sit down? Your counsel here.

RIEL: Your Honor, the Crown with their great talent, tries to show I am guilty

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"I don't care much for life if I can't live like a man"

now my counsel sent (I know) by friends, am trying to shew I am insane!
LEMIEUX We wish to make it clear. Your Honor the prisoner must not interfere in his own defense
RIEL It is my life!
JUDGE Stop him! The prisoner will sit down. Proceed with the defense
ON SCREEN *Father Alexis Andre*
ANDRÉ I have lived in Saskatchewan for 20 years. I know my people
LEMIEUX Was Louis Riel a sensible man?
ANDRÉ In what way?
LEMIEUX Family, business say?
ANDRÉ Those subjects yes
LEMIEUX Religion then?
ANDRÉ Ah no religion and politics made Louis Riel a different man
LEMIEUX How so?
ANDRÉ There were two men in him one wise and good the other mad
LEMIEUX Riel was irresponsible?
ANDRÉ He wanted to change the liturgy the mass, the holy symbols even. He thought himself the monarch David reincarnated in this world
CHORUS HE THINKS HE'S DAVID! DAVID!
ENVOY!
LEMIEUX Was he a maniac, would you say?
ANDRÉ The priests made up their minds he was — or else too big a criminal
RIEL I cannot let these things be said!
JUDGE Master Riel will you sit down?
LEMIEUX Either we plead, or leave the case
JUDGE You wish to plead the case yourself?
RIEL I mean no harm to their dignity but I cannot abandon my dignity! Either I'm guilty of high treason or go like an animal to live in asylum. Well I don't care much for life if I can't live like a man a moral being with heart and mind!
JUDGE Now stop that! Anything else to say?
RIEL I cannot all I cannot all There is too much to say too much *(He sits broken)*
JUDGE Court is adjourned till tomorrow morning.

ON SCREEN *Toronto Mail*
RIEL VERDICT TODAY!
(A course of Riel's small cell. He is on his knees praying aloud to Lelia. A guard brings in his mother Julia.)
JULIE Ah! Louis
RIEL Mère!
JULIE Durant toutes ces années, Dieu a rempli le coupe de nos vies de peine et d'amertume — jusqu'à ce qu'aujourd'hui la coupe déborde! Ah! ne te dois-je aider dans ton passage à la vie celle coupe amère. Dieu m'a donné le courage! Je pleurais mais je veux garder la tête haute en baisse parmi les yeux, gardé les larmes vers le Ciel notre consolation.
RIEL Dieu m'a abandonné
JULIE Dieu jamais ne t'abandonnera Mais reviens vers l'Eglise, comme l'on fait vers le sein de sa mère et demande le pardon de tes péchés
RIEL Le petit est né?
JULIE Pas encore
RIEL Et Marguerite, comment va-t-elle? *(Marguerite is Riel's wife.)*
JULIE Elle attend ton retour
RIEL Et le petit Jean?
JULIE Il ne va que peut revoir son père
RIEL Vous direz à Sara que j'ai besoin de soutien et d'un chapelet
GUARD I'm sorry madam, it's time to go
RIEL Puisses-tu être bénie Maman. Jean que la fin de ta vie ne peut l'éteindre. Je te le leave ton amour *(He kneels down.)*
JULIE Chez enfant ils ne peuvent rien contre toi. Tu es dans les bras de Dieu *(They embrace. Julie leaves, despairing)* ing *her strength for him for the last time. Riel sinks to his knees but remains pray*

ON SCREEN *Le Droit*
RIEL JUGE PAR UN JURY ANGLAIS
(We are back in the courtroom. Lemieux is finishing his address to the jury.)
LEMIEUX If the man is a lunatic as we have tried to prove, or else has responsible for what he did I know you will do justice by him *(A stir in the court as he sits.)*
JUDGE Now Master Riel of last your last
RIEL *greater sin. Riel is hesitant at first.*
RIEL O God and Jesus Christ bless me and bless this honorable court. The day of my birth. I was helpless and my mother took good care of me. The North West in my mother country my mother country will not kill me. I have my Indian but I am true and mothers love you faults and all. I believe I have a mission. When I came the Indian starve



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The Métis have no right no law and now they're like him mad! We all see into the future, most or less and I say him by though God's grace I am the prophet of this New World! What are these mad ideas of mine? Only that human beings have rights, and it is right to fight for them. God in the universal tribe and like a good father gives his sons a portion of his land to live on. We are not birds, we walk the ground! We do not fly when gunpowder comes. As for religion, my beliefs are I assume to quit a church which has divided man from man! Though it may take 200 years, when I am dead my children's child can shake hands with the Protestants — French and English side by side. On behalf of my mother, wife and son I thank the counsel for the Crown for showing I am not insane. If you agree with the defense that I'm not responsible for my acts you must acquit me since I fought an irresponsible government! If you agree with the Crown I am sane, acquit me all the same. I acted sensibly in self-defense against a government gone mad! For 15 years I have no money, no food to feed my family. I serve my country without pay. If you will do me justice now you will reward me and help them. I leave the verdict in God's hands *(A stir as he sits.)*
JUDGE Will the Crown address the jury now?
OSTER I think Your Honor there is no need. The prisoner has made our case *(A great flurry as court is about to begin)*

ON SCREEN *Ottawa Journal*
RIEL TO HANG TODAY!
(A street on Parliament Hill. Ottawa. Monday November 16 1885 early morning. Three men on one side of the stage only. On the other side in a large open area filled only by a shadowy gallows on a platform Sir John A. Macdonald in the house in the parliament building[s] top hat, fur collared overcoat cane and all. Parasites and family snapping him are Archbishop Taché and F. X. Lemieux. Riel's in his cell.)
TACHÉ Sir John! Sir John!
MACDONALD Good morning. Your Grace a lovely day!
TACHÉ I wish it were
MACDONALD *(Tipping his hat)* Mister Lemieux
TACHÉ Forgive intruding on him sir
MACDONALD I am on my way to parliament
TACHÉ But time is of the essence now today Riel is due to hang
MACDONALD Oh yes of course now I recall
LEMIEUX We've only moments left Sir John If you would telegraph at once
MACDONALD Now look here Lemieux, we have been over this a dozen times!
TACHÉ Is one more time not allowed for life and death?
LEMIEUX The man was wronged! He the *background has not yet in the* mine of the gallows we see Riel and Father André Riel is kneeling while *André administers extreme unction. The Riel scene goes on as a counterpoint to the Macdonald scene without interrupting it.)*
MACDONALD Louis Riel was guilty tried
LEMIEUX In spirit or letter of the law?
MACDONALD He had the boon of your advice
LEMIEUX The guy was six English — and not one Catholic among them!
MACDONALD Is British justice not enough?
LEMIEUX Does British justice hang the mad!
MACDONALD The Royal Commission pronounced him sane
LEMIEUX The Royal Commission assisted was two for the English one for

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LOUIS RIEL *continued*

"I cannot let one foolish man stand in the way of a nation"

the French!
(To the other set André has finished the extreme unction.)
RIEL Je meurs catholique de la vraie foi.
MACDONALD I cannot understand you, Taché, pleading for an anti-Catholic!
TACHÉ He has recanted, joined the church.
MACDONALD So he wants to be a martyr! Good! I am told he said he had a vision where on the third day he arose!
(Lemieux consults his watch. Macdonald hovers elaborately as if in fear. At precisely the same time in the other set, André has finished and raises Riel and a guard enters.)
AIDE You want me, sheriff? I am ready.
LA HAIE *prayerfully forms Riel. André the sheriff and two policemen. Slowly under the following dialogue, it makes its way to the scaffold. As a counterpoint to the dialogue André witnesses the offices of the dying.)*
LEMIEUX There's very little time, reprieve him.
TACHÉ On human grounds, if nothing else! His child was born dead yesterday. His wife is dying. His son is ill.
MACDONALD Yan think I want to hang this man, the worthiest adversary I've had? He played for high stakes, and he lost!
TACHÉ The game is just begun. Quebec will
MACDONALD He shall hang though every dog in all Quebec bark in his favor!
(Macdonald stumps away — sunshine gaily with the action described below. — but his movement is arrested by the arrival of Dr. Shultz coming from the opposite direction. Shultz has been a bitter opponent of Riel's from the earliest days of the rebellion. Macdonald shows displeasure at meeting him, but allows Schultz to whisper to him. Meanwhile Taché and Lemieux consult urgently. In the Riel set Riel and party are now at the scaffold. During the following dialogue the hangman places the noose about Riel's neck. A huge crowd is now visible around the scaffold.)
PATHER ANDRÉ Louis, fais-tu de bon gré le sacrifice de ta vie?
RIEL De tout mon coeur. Père, je fais le sacrifice.
ANDRÉ Louis, au moment de mourir, regrettez-vous la vie?
RIEL Au moment de franchir le seuil de l'eternité, Père, je n'éprouve nulle envie de revenir en arrière.
ANDRÉ Louis, pour l'amour de Dieu, pardonnez-vous aux ennemis qui ont obtenu la mort?
RIEL Je leur pardonne, Père, comme Dieu me pardonne.
(Andre and Riel commence to say the Lord's Prayer. André speaks a phrase and Riel repeats it until it abruptly ends. All this proceeds under a dialogue in the Macdonald set where Taché and Lemieux approach Sir John.)
MACDONALD I'll thank you, Doctor Schultz, to keep your bigotry to yourself. I never knew the friend I hang.
TACHÉ It is almost time! Postpone the hour!
MACDONALD I cannot let one foolish man stand in the way of a whole nation!
(The bells on Parliament Hill strike the hour, eight o'clock.)
SCHULTZ That's it! *(He checks his pocket watch.)* His time is up!
(They stand there listening while the bells run at full level. André and Riel reciting the Lord's Prayer. When it comes to the words "Deliver us from evil" there is a sudden blackout of the gallows accompanied by the musical equivalent of the moment of hanging. The eighth bell sounds and dies away.)
CROWD Riel! Riel! Riel!
SCHULTZ The God damn son of a bitch is dead!
(Tache bows his head in tears. Lemieux shakes his in profound disbelief. Macdonald looks contingly at Schultz and crosses him grandly and stubbornly going to face his parliament. The lights go down. The final curtain falls.) ★

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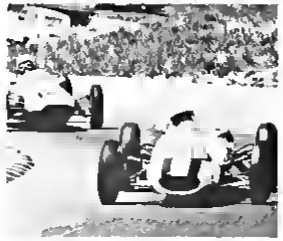
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THE TELEGRAM

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TEACHERS *continued from page 34*

The ideal teacher is a spectator. Students teach themselves

spontaneously arranged for her by 70 former pupils, who informed her unabashedly that they loved her.

Today's teachers are slightly more complicated: they work in the midst of an education revolution that as yet has established no guidelines and no limits. It's pioneer time: inventors' week, do-it-yourself day with additional lyrics by John Dewey, P. T. Barnum and William Lyon Mackenzie.

Some of the consequences of teacher experiments are the equivalent of a small-scale theatrical production. For instance, Mrs. Dorothy Jones, a Toronto teacher faced with a lesson on slavery for her grade-seven class, began by closing the drapes to blacken the room, then lit a candle in front of an African carving and put a Bob Dylan song on the record player, the one called *Blowing In The Wind* which comments on man's indifference to a brother's agony. It wouldn't be easy for 12-year-olds to forget that lesson or miss the point.

But the highest development in modern teaching techniques is the Socratic gimmick, the appearance of not teaching at all. At a few college education courses (Simon Fraser University in British Columbia, for instance, and the University of Illinois), teachers videotape themselves in action and squirm when they discover that they talk too much. (In a U.S. experiment of this kind, teachers were aghast to note that they showed clear preference for about five or eight children in the room while 30 or 40 percent of the others never heard the teacher say anything to them but, "Sit down," and "Keep quiet.")

A teacher-killer

The ideal classroom now is one in which the teacher is a friendly helpful spectator while the students are absorbed in teaching themselves. In the main, it is the result of the scientific observable concept that people remember best what they find out for themselves and least what they are told about. Educators call it the discovery method.

In practice, the discovery method is a teacher killer. There are few blueprints, so the teachers who do it are by necessity frontiersmen. The classroom may resemble a section of a railway crowd: full of purposeful meandering and easy chat. In a room of 35 students, 14 different projects may be going on simultaneously in groups or by solitary exploration. The teacher moves about masterfully unobtrusive, observing, listening, guiding, evaluating, praising.

The latter is important because congratulations have become a primary teaching tool ever since Harvard psychologist B. F. Skinner's exhaustive work which revealed that nothing reinforces learning so well as a crisp "Right!" immediately after a child does something correctly. He also determined that negative reinforcement, as he calls it, which is punishing children for wrong answers by giving low marks, assigning extra work or shaming them, is of dubious value in the learning process and usually proves downright harmful.

(Behavioral psychologists are the salt of the earth, devoting their lives to proving that what sympathetic people do naturally is scientifically sound.)

Dr. Skinner's experiments are beginning to have a benign effect on every aspect of education. A few teachers are trying out a scheme of positive marking, which entails marking only the right answers on a student's test and ignoring the wrong. They report that children seem to learn better and possibly because they aren't as tense about exams get a higher proportion of right answers.

Also, many teachers are trying to frame their questions differently rather than: "Give the date the Hudson's Bay Company was founded," they ask: "What do you know about early fur trading in Canada?"

To return to the aforementioned teachers who try to provide a classroom environment in which children teach themselves: the relentless pressure they endure during a teaching day in which they must be charming, relaxed, loving and watchful as



Helen Bumphrey's method: throw out the old curriculum

squirrels is only the tip of the iceberg. Below in the cold water of eight drudgery are the desperate hours of inventing the fascinating and challenging projects for the next day.

It is understandable that so many teachers stay hostile to the education revolution. Under the circumstances, their resistance is surely protective.

The old style system which still prevails everywhere is a comparative snap. It goes by the book, opening it page one on the day after Labor Day and ending without fail on the last page a measured three weeks before the June exams. The audio-visual tools employed are the blackboard and layout pad, workbooks are next to godliness, slow learners get more homework, quick learners who are restless write "I must sit still in class" 500 times. A few full days and everyone hates school. Set 'em up in the next alley.

Before the revolution, writes the flyaway Winnipeg principal Sybil Shack in *teachers teaching*, "a teacher did not have to worry about his position with relation to his pupils. He was then the teacher and so the fountainhead of authority." A teacher today, Miss Shack notes, is one "first among equals," but "the freer the organization and the atmosphere of a classroom the heavier is the responsibility of the teacher." Life is more difficult now for a teacher, she concludes, but it is all to the good for education.

The ethic now creeping into classrooms all over North America is that it's probably not beneficial to society for schools to maim the self respect and discourage the curiosity of children. Hence the discovery method, individualized teaching, continuous progress, uncensored discussion periods, teacher evaluation rather than term-end exams. Teachers who like the premise and accept the burden need toughness, flexibility, ingenuity, courage, warmth, zeal and the constitution of a Tour de France champion.

So meet Helen Bumphrey, who teaches grade two in Hollington Public School in Saskatoon, Sask., and who just might be the best teacher in Canada. She's 25, she's been teaching for seven years and she has invented a method of coeducating a class that is on its way to becoming a model for the rest of the country.

Last November she was invited to Winnipeg to tell the Manitoba Teachers Society how she teaches. In January she appeared on the cover of the Saskatchewan Teachers Federation journal *Arbos* with seven pages of pictures and description inside, and in February she was in Vancouver outlining her method to the British Columbia Teachers Federation. Her classroom is the most frequently visited one in the province. To ensure a wide circulation of her experiment, the Saskatchewan Teachers Federation last winter commissioned the first film in its history, putting a documentary film unit at Mrs. Bumphrey's elbow for two weeks.

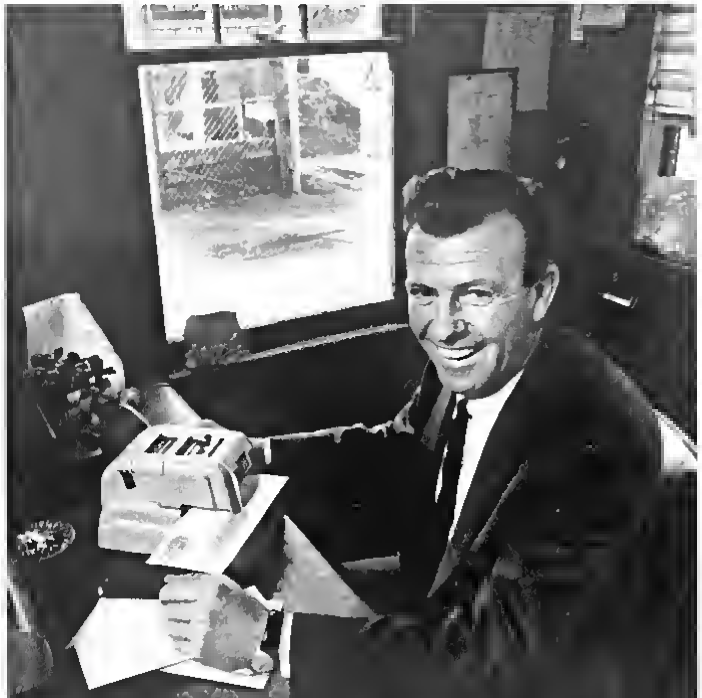
Mrs. Bumphrey doesn't look like your average conventional anarchist. She's totally pretty, in the first place, with fluffy hair and the soft, rushy voice of a shy girl. She refers to her pupils as "little persons" as in "This little person came up to me and ..." About the only thing that distinguishes her from those sweet young teachers who quail before inspectors is that she thinks schools are illogical and deceiving institutions, detrimental to children and not much good at educating, and she keeps saying so in her gentle, fluttering way. And people listen because Helen Bumphrey is Tomorrow: she won't expected for at least another 10 years.

Her method is simple, like the wheel. The first step is to throw out the entire curriculum, plus timetables — the children will devise their own. Then get a lot of books, a *lot of books*, hundreds. Notify parents to lend all the children's books they've got, also spare sets of encyclopedias and any extraneous items, like the empty beehive. Notify the library to be ready to loan about 80 books a month. Then let the children in.

In Mrs. Bumphrey's case, that means 31 children, all approximately seven years old. Allegedly, all are ex

continued on page 60

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actly ready for grade two which as every teacher in the country knows is the joke human nature plays on school administrators. A child at two will be ready for a grade-four reader; a child at two will read at the lowest grade one level. The rest struggle between the extremes. This disparity is handled in almost every school in the country by giving them all the same grade two reader anyway. It's a further complication that good readers quite frequently are only average at doing arithmetic while a slow reader may be a maths whiz. Schools solve this unfairness without taking breath: good results are accelerated *in all subjects* poor students are disheartened *in all subjects*. Well, how else are you going to do it?

Back to Helen Bamphrey. At the beginning of school in September Mrs. Bamphrey tests her class thoroughly. She's a conscientious professional and like known what she's doing with batteries of achievement tests, informal and vocal readiness tests, phonetic diagnostic tests and a few tests she thought up herself. When she knows her students she begins to make suggestions — the advanced children are nudged toward books that will stimulate them, grampy underachieving boys to books such as *Tin Curtain*, *World Of Snakes* or *Rough Ice*, slow readers to the sort of illustrated books that educators call "high interest, low vocabulary."

Is a shark a fish?

Then they read lordly but they mind. There's no book report or questions about what they've read, which would delight the cerebral mystery Marshall McLuhan who recently observed that if parents wanted to stop their children from reading normal books, they have only to insist on book reports. Whatever interests the children — there are children-chairmen of children committees who design entertainments for the class, based on what they are reading — becomes the social-science curriculum. This year it was dominated by bees, dinosaurs and sea life. Mrs. Bamphrey learned a lot in the process. "You've no idea how interesting bees are," she kept telling her friends last winter.

"The children can study anything they want to," Mrs. Bamphrey explains to teacher organizations. "The standard curriculum is really out of date for the sophisticated little people of today."

When a child directs his own education, the results are awesome. For example, there is no formal spelling program in Mrs. Bamphrey's room but the children are following their teacher's recommendation that they keep a list of all the words they find useful. One little girl admired the handsome words *ichneumon* and *alphabetical* and taught herself to spell them. A boy then still six disappeared to his indignation that some books he read stated that the shark is not a true fish while others said the opposite. He checked through encyclopedia and eventually gave the class his considered opinion: not a true fish since it doesn't have a



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Bumphreyism works—but sometimes it can come too late

project backbone. His next prompt was to assemble a list of authors who could be believed and a list of authors who could not.

At some time during the day Mrs. Bumphrey puts on an arithmetic problem on the board, teaches about it briefly and then invites all those with an inclination to meet her at the back of the room, where she'll discuss it further. Otherwise arithmetic is sneaky, with number games, flash cards and such hilarious projects as measuring the school corridor to determine if a brachiosaurus would fit.

Though only an expert could detect it, there's plenty of cool skilled teaching going on. Each child in rotation has a five- or 10-minute private chat with the teacher about three times a month. The children call it their conference time and adore it, scheduling their appointments in the timetables they plan for themselves every day. Miss Bamphrey calls it evaluation and puts the results in her records. If remedial work is required, the child gets it right then or later in a casually assembled small group with a similar problem.

It is significant to note what happened when another Hollinton school teacher decided to pattern her class on Mrs. Bamphrey's. It was a rout and had to be abandoned. It was a quick, five-alarm and the students were so adjusted to playing the school's game of preparing for exams that they were unwilling to bother reading anything that didn't count on the report card. It seemed it was too late for them to respond easily. "Isn't that terrible?" says Mrs. Bamphrey.

Teachers always inquire what happened to Mrs. Bamphrey's little persons when they have hit for the rigid world of the conventional classroom. A few of the admits are upset and angry. "But usually these children are young enough and so responsive that they can change their attitude toward learning. They get down to the business of making up information in order to pass tests. I have sometimes been very disappointed."

Educators are developing a conviction that children can accept a self-directed education program at two periods in their lives, the first and best in primary classes such as Mrs. Bamphrey's and the second partly in their adolescence during their high school years. Certainly there is plenty of hearty Bumphreyism being smuggled into Canadian high schools, mainly by English or history teachers who teach the curriculum when they must but vainly prefer to turn the period into a forum for discussion.

A grade 10 class in Toronto last winter joyfully bounded off the track of some heavy handed dissection of any poetry and spent two weeks discussing the vagaries of justice through the ages, including the Steven Truscott case. One teenager arrived home late one day with an armful of library books. Did you ever hear about the Dreylon case? he asked his parents. "This guy Zola was really wild." In Edmonton, a grade 11 social studies teacher disturbingly eyed the unsigned test book. "Here it is," he informed his class. Unfortunately we have to write a test on it at the end of the year. I hope you know it." Then he launched a nonsense tirade, which the students dubbed Digressions 10 in the time they were writing essays about the Sino-Soviet split.

Digressions 10 is nationwide. The classroom door may read ENGLISH but inside there is a hubbub about the death of God, premarital sex, police brutality, mental illness, treatment of Indians, LSD and the glory and evil of propaganda that flows from all sides. The teacher seems idle, but he's full of suggestions about where more information can be located or discussion starters such as, "Did you see that picture in yesterday's paper of a Viet Cong being tortured? How about that, eh?"

It doesn't always work. Socrates, presumably, never dealt with students who wouldn't talk to him. By the time they reach high school many children are in a dangerous mood: a few are mentally ill to a discernible degree, a great many are blanked out by private despairs. The young idealism that one finds in 17 faces registering contempt, derision, viciousness, or nothing is frightening.



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ing. It will be 40 minutes before the bell rings and the room has the smell of wildness. The young idealistic teacher raises his voice and snaps, "Open your books at page 89 and memorize the first 20 lines."

Elementary-school teachers see the beginnings of the process that turns children down the route of madness, delinquency and dullness. They can tell stories out of De Sade about seven-year olds beaten with table legs by lunatic fathers — the brother went to hospital but he was in school the next morning — about unfed children of mentally defective mothers — They weep in class — about heroine little girls who don't do homework because they are protecting younger brothers and sisters — Mother is a drunk.

Teachers in a New Jersey county recently co-operated with the mental health clinic by estimating how many children in their classes were mentally disturbed. It came to 11 percent which some Canadian psychiatrists would say is low. 11 percent, however, means that every classroom in the country has three or four disturbed children.

For this reason most educators think teacher training in the future must contain a high proportion of psychology. A year ago a brief from the Ontario Division of the Canadian Mental Health Association recommended this, noting: "The time is overdue when much more stress must be placed on the subject of child growth and development in the training of teachers." This year Ottawa's 1,100 public school teachers undertook to educate themselves in mental health with an in-service training course.

In addition, emotionally unstable teachers are a matter of growing concern, since they are in a position to inflict lasting harm in the younger grades. The same CMHA brief maintained that the "primary function" of school psychologists should be to help teachers gain insights into their own behavior in order to respond to children more healthily.

Others talk of screening teacher candidates such as is done in California. The John Fisher Public School Home and School Association in Toronto composed a brief two years ago which commented: "Personality, attitude and motive are of prime importance in people working with children, and it appears to us that there is little or no attention paid to these qualities in applicants for teachers' colleges. Ideally a teacher teaches as much by what he is as by what he says in the classroom."

It's sound, but the self-control of teachers is stretched taut by conditions in modern classrooms. A mother of near-grown children last year decided to take advantage of the Ontario Department of Education's quickie teaching course for housewives. Of her first day in a classroom she said: "I thought I'd drop dead. They ought to disband the Home and School and make every parent spend just one day in school. That would be an eye-opener."

Among the serious complaints of teachers is the waste of their skills on

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Walls are coming down, teachers are learning from teachers

nonteaching jobs that anyone could do, such as filling out reports, collecting money for bus trips, supervising the cafeteria. There is also the lack of time during the day to prepare the ingenious lessons required to meet the individualized teaching approach they must work late at night, when enthusiasm and imagination are flagging. Canadian teachers look enviously at the newest high schools in the United States, which provide offices for teachers and an hour or two of free time to work in them.

And there is the matter of the salary arrangement, which idiotically means that top experienced teachers must stop teaching — the best money goes only to administrators. Educators want the best teachers to be able to stay in the classroom without financial sacrifice. With the new awareness of the significance of the first years in school, it is hoped that elementary teachers everywhere will be paid as well as high school teachers, and grade one teachers will be paid like princes.

There is talk of an upheaval in the traditional pecking order in the schools with business-oriented administrators handling the increasingly complex office work while teachers elect from among themselves a principal who will take care of education.

The highest priority in change however is reserved for the problem of the solitariness of teachers. In the past, a poor teacher could work for 30 years in the classroom next door to that of a great natural teacher and be totally untouched. Today walls are rolling back and less able teachers can witness artists at work.

In British Columbia a team of four students from Simon Fraser University joined a teacher in a classroom for eight weeks at a stretch. They watched and assisted when directed. It's a master stroke of a solution to two problems: the poor preparation most new teachers have for the front lines of a real classroom and the impossibility of a lone teacher giving individualized instruction in a classroom of 30 to 40 children.

The student-team method was pioneered at Newton, Massachusetts, by Harvard University and lovingly imported and refined for Canadians by Dr. Archie R. MacKinnon, Simon Fraser's brilliant young dean of education. When it began, teachers in British Columbia were less than delighted at the prospect of having four green hands loitering about all day. But now the demand for Simon Fraser teams exceeds the supply. "When we have our discussion afterward to get a report, it's like a mutual-admiration society," says Dr. MacKinnon.

There are about 300,000 teachers in Canadian elementary and high schools. Assessment of the proportion of the really able among them rises no higher than 15 percent, 10 percent is the usual guess. That makes it 20,000 teachers who are gifted at teaching, and 180,000 who aren't.

"It always comes back to team

PARADE

Bilingual logic

When the French-speaking wife of an English-speaking Montrealer went to hospital to have their second child, father had a chance to smarten up his French by constant conversations with his bonbilingual first born. Shopping in a department store, he tried to distract his restless charge by showing her how the clerk was putting his charge card into the stamping gadget. *Regarde la belle dame qui met la carte de papa dans la petite machine,"* he observed. Daughter spied the nearby cash register, too, and added her own observation. *"Il y a deux machines, une petite machine et une grosse machine."* Father beamed as kindly women shoppers nearby took smiling note of his offspring's intellectual brilliance. But just then an oversize clerk, twice the size of the first one, arrived to punch up a cash sale. *"Oh!"* exclaimed daughter with delight. *"Petite machine pour petite madame, grosse machine pour grosse madame!"*



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"Anyone who gives the teacher hell always gets an ovation"

teaching" remarks Dr Cecil P Cullinc director of teacher training in Saskatchewan "There aren't enough people in the world like the cliperati [illegible] so we have to make better use of the few we have It means a term with the teacher directing the others — let's call them technicians — who will simulate and assist

Re having the highly competent teacher relatively close to every child writes Dr John H Fischer President of Teachers College Columbia University perhaps on the basis of one such teacher in a group of four five or six classrooms it might be possible to protect more children from the gigantic killing which every year determines who shall have a good teacher who shall have what is left

Observes Dr John McInnes of the University of Toronto's Institute for Child Study "It's like having a kind and understanding mother only once in a while"

There is some talk now of using para professional help trained on the job like interns In some schools mothers already are supervising lunch hours and study periods Eventually they may be accepted into classrooms with other assistants such as qualified volunteers or unemployed artists perhaps workers the retired almost anyone with a BA and common sense

Dr Paul Brandwein a Ford Foundation scout who visits more than 200 schools a year recently stated, "Teaching is not only a profession, it's a mercy Teachers are in the area of the ministry medicine and nursing

A community must nurture teachers for actually they are amongst the saints of our civilization"

But few communities regard teachers very highly "Anyone who gives the teacher hell always gets a tremendous ovation" Dr William Hawke a children's psychiatrist in Toronto once commented And no community is yet indignant enough to insist that teachers be properly trained for the new humanistic education, what Dr Brandwein calls "the innovative function of letting the child build his own armature to face civilization"

That's what the Canadian Teachers' Federation is up to Last May it invited some 100 experts to Ottawa to list some of the faults of teacher training in Canada When the CTF picked itself off the floor, we realized we didn't need a patch up job we needed a revolution" admits Winnipeg principal Donald T McKinnon head of the Teacher Education and Certification Committee

The CTF retained Dr John Macdonald, a rumpled Scot who is professor of education at Sir George Williams University in Montreal to be chief consultant and to prepare the credo for the revolution Dr Macdonald makes such remarks as "Teachers must be prepared to operate in an atmosphere of increasing uncertainty" by which he means children exploring knowledge for themselves will produce unexpected situations and "One of the characteristics of the expert teacher is the maximizing of behavior" which seems to have something to do with children going full speed as they inquire on their own

Dr Macdonald is assisted in his ruminations by a panel of nine men seven of them with PhDs Their consensus is still evolving, but the likeliest major recommendation is expected to be an investment of a four year university course for all teachers with much of it loaded with practice teaching The university degree in itself isn't a sign of anything in particular Dr Macdonald notes but it's the best way to make judgments with a large group of people"

"He's absolutely right of course" agrees the CTF executive Dan McKinnon. "We've got to raise our standards for entry into the teaching profession But what about Helen Bumphrey?"

Mrs Bumphrey who may be the country's greatest teacher is an embarrassment in the pedagogics She took a one year course at a teachers college and never since then has been taking quickie courses on summer campuses or by correspondence She doesn't yet have her BA though she's working on it

Well back to the drawing board ★

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If you are planning a visit to Expo see your local Commerce branch first. There you can obtain *Expo Passports* at a lower cost than if purchased at the gate *Bonus Books* which will enable you to purchase refreshments, transportation and amusement tickets at a discount, and *Travellers' Cheques* which are convenient quickly replaceable and readily cashable. And remember wherever you go in Canada, the Commerce is ready to serve you

CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE

AUTHER, AUTHER!

Everybody's a critic in Helen Bumphrey's class They choose the books they want to read, then tell the authors a thing or two

CANADIAN SCHOOLTEACHERS pretty well agree that Helen Bumphrey the Saskatoon grade two teacher described in Jane Callwood's article, *Why Good Teachers Don't "Teach" Any More* on page 34 operates the most unusual — and successful — reading program of all elementary teachers at work in Canada today

Her course, which she calls an "individualized reading program" is really not a course at all in the conventional sense for there is no curriculum The six- and seven-year-olds who make up her class choose their own books and are not required to write any tests about what they have read

They are encouraged though, to impart what they have learned from their reading to the rest of the class — usually by making up a riddle, describing an incident from the book, or writing a letter to the author Occasionally as is evident below, they become annoyed or confused by conflicting statements in two books on the same subject and decide to appeal to an outside arbitrator

Some verbatim samples:

Dear Marion,

I have just finished reading your two books called *Pohcenan* and *Firemen* I think your books are fine for some people I don't think any of your books were really too good. You tell too much about what happens to people and just a bit about Police and fires This is not enough! You should put some more into it These books you write are good for small ones But if any grade 2 to 8 want to read about your subject just your book would not give them enough information and will be too easy Keep writing more books though because I really like those little poems you put at the back of the books

Love, JO ANNE

Dear Enyd Blyton

You are one of my favorite authors Dr Seuss and Ludwig Bemelmans are my favorites too I have read lots of your books about Noddy We are going to the public library tonight after school to pick more books for our class We go in Mrs Bumphrey's car and I'll look for more of your books

One thing I want to say to you My mom doesn't think your books are too good for me because the printing is too small for my eyes to see Please tell your publishing Company to print bigger

I am going to read with Dorothy now so good-by

Love TINA

continued on page 66

Endurance like this

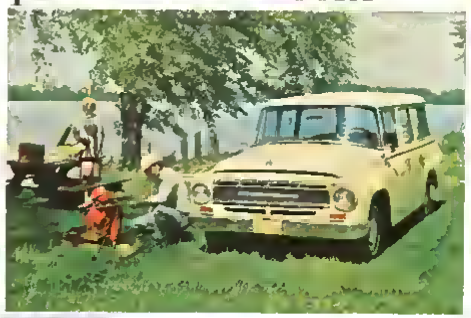


style like this





plus loads of room

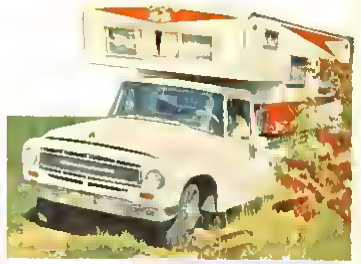






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Get a new INTERNATIONAL just for the fun of it!

"I am very old...In fact, I am probably dead. Who am I?"

BEWARE!

You should not believe everything you read because you may read a book that says an ostrich grows to be two feet tall and weighs sixty eight pounds which is not true

I have found two authors that made a mistake They are Neurath who wrote *The Wonder World Of The Deep Sea* and Mary Taylor who wrote *Animal Travellers*

Neurath's mistake was that she said that the seaceather was the home of two little black worms But Mrs. Gemphery and the class found that Neurath was wrong because they found in the Compumency-clopedia and Mr Hume who has an important job in the office downtown thought the sea cucumber was something that looked like a cucumber with tentacles He checked it in the Encyclopedia and found he was right and the Compioes the same Mary Taylor's mistake was she said everything gets out of the Ants way when they are on a march But we found a book called *Jungle Animals* by Frank Buck which said a pingolin which is an anteater does not get out of ants way

Podnodort said that all animal babies that are born alive drink milk But so many tropical fish have their babies born alive These fish certainly don't have babies that drink milk

All encyclopedias are terrible except the Golden Book encyclopedia which sometimes exaggerates a bit

I have found two authors that I think write good nonfiction books Every book they wrote that I read is true Their names are Frank Buck and Zim

MIKE PAINE

WHO AM I?

I wote book in 1903 I am Engish Childree II ot III eenld read them I got prizes for my beeutiful pictures I am very old (even ancient) In fact, I am probehly dead I illustrate my own hooks

Who am I?
Answer Beatrix Potter

KELORA LEE

THE UGLY DUCKLING
By Frances K Peivel

Another duck had some eggs She said that sometime the eggs would crack The mother duck sat on the eggs for a long time Then one egg began to crack Another and another egg began to crack Then the mother duck saw one more egg was left The mother duck told the ducklings to go and play She sat on that egg for a long time And then it began to crack It cracked and cracked A big ugly duckling jumped out of the egg!

The story got sad for a long time because nobody wanted the duck because he was so ugly I think the author wanted to show us not to laugh at funny looking people because it makes them hurt inside

PAM

Dear Mr Rostad

You might think that sharks are fish But I think they are not Now I will tell you some words the author wrote "Sharks are not fish for their gill openings are on the outside of their necks, and their skeletons are made of gristle instead of bone Although most people think of sharks as fish they are really lower in the scale of vertebrates" I have quoted L A Hausman I see that J B Richards thinks sharks are fish I read her book called *About The Under Water World* In the book *Fishes* by H S Zim he says on page 20 that Sharks and Rays comprise one of the two groups of true fishes." The two groups are the ones with bones (real fish) and the ones that don't have bones but instead cartilage or hard gristle (rays and shark)

I believe that sharks are not fish I think their all fish should have proper backbones. Maybe you know a scientist at your office and I hope he could solve this problem

From JIMMY BARTHOLOMEW

After reading a book on snakes one student, Kim L. Ennis, thought it would be fun to write a quiz for Mrs Humphrey.

continued on page 48



Royal Trust will defend to the death your right not to have a will.

(If you have a will, Royal Trust will defend your rights forever after.)

Let's be sure of one thing. Royal Trust believes a man should have a will. But we would never stand by and see a man forced to make a will *against* his will. In the face of logic, however, it seldom comes to that. You think the total of your assets doesn't warrant a will? You'd be surprised how quickly it adds up—house, car, insurance, pension rights, investments and savings—you're at $50,000 before you know it. With a will drawn up by your lawyer or notary you exercise your freedom of choice, deciding in advance exactly how your assets will be distributed, how your affairs will be managed in the best interests of your family. As your executor Royal Trust carries out these responsibilities in accordance with your wishes. Without a will, you can place a trying burden on friends or relatives, and the law, which does not take into account your personal desires or intentions, may have to step in and settle your affairs. Whether you feel you should have a will or you are certain you shouldn't have one,

talk to
ROYAL TRUST
it's in your best interest

What are today's kids coming to?

Your parents asked the same question about you. Just as their parents did about them. And so on, back to year one.

And if today's youngsters seem to be setting records in their haste to kick over the traces, consider how fast everything around them is changing.

Just what kind of brave new world will they live in? Come and take a look. At Expo 67, Montreal, you'll get a pretty fair idea of what their life is going to be like.

It will show you the opportunities—and help you appreciate the problems—in education, careers, health, travel, leisure and dozens of other factors that affect your children's future.

Bring them with you, of course. Expo 67 is at once in a lifetime chance to learn about their own country and the rest of the world and where they'll fit in. They may even begin to understand what it's like to be in *your* shoes.

In fact, Expo 67 is going to be an eye-opener—for everyone. It's a trip around the world, beyond the moon, and in the ocean depths. It's a look at man's past, present and future. It's also the most exciting vacation you can take this year. You'll *have* the time of your life.

And you'll find out what today's kids are coming to. The lucky ones, anyway. This year they're coming to Expo 67.

Plan your visit to Expo 67 now. Your accommodations in Montreal are *guaranteed* at *government-*approved rates by the official bureau, LOGEXPO. Reserve now for widest choice. Write, mentioning dates and type of accommodations preferred, to LOGEXPO, Expo 67, Montreal, Quebec. Or see your travel agent.

Your Expo 67 Passport will admit you to the pavilions of 70 nations, as well as the theme, provincial and industry pavilions. In all, you can see, or *do*, all of well over 100 pavilions, without paying a nickel extra. Rides on the Ile Notre Dame Expo Express are also free, as is much of the best entertainment.

At the reduced advance prices, a weekly Passport (7 consecutive days) costs $9.00, a Day Passport $2.25, or a Season Passport $25.00. Also reduced Youth Passports for 13-21 age group, and half price for children 2 12 on April 28th. Buy them at banks, department stores, travel agents, transportation companies, service clubs, women's associations, labour groups, Famous Players Theatres, or wherever you see the Expo 67 sign. *Ask about Bonus Books, too.* They include vouchers for refreshments, rides and special entertainment events of big discounts.

expo67
MONTRÉAL CANADA

The Universal and International Exhibition of 1967
Montreal, Canada/APRIL 28 OCTOBER 27 1967



AUTHER, AUTHER!
continued

I am going to ask yen some questions about snakes. Then you will tell me true or not true." See if you can get them right.

1. Some snakes will milk a cow. *False*
2. Rattlesnakes add a new rattle each year. *False*
3. If you kill a snake its tail will wiggle until sunset. *False*
4. A snake's tongue can bite you. *False*
5. Snakes can hear—and are charmed by music. *False*

Did I get them all right, Ken? Yes, you did. I want to tell the class how snake charmers really charm snakes. When can I?

ALL ABOUT US

There are many kinds of people. One kind is us. We are white people. All of us have good clothes and good things to eat. But long ago other white people did not have good clothes and good things to eat. They had to wear rags. I call it. They had to eat anything that they could find, because they did not know how to plant vegetables. Then a few years later they had the First World War. Then as soon as it was done they made a Second World War. Canada won every time, but I think they are too scared to play again.

I AM

The Scotch with the difference

Dewar's

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The Scotch—it never varies

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY 1966

JOHN DEWAR & SONS LIMITED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS

expo67

LORNE GREENE
continued from page 19

attraction of *Bonanza* is the way Ben Cartwright that confirmed old widower and likely to remain so handles his boys. The woman cat it up. He is the perfect father, rich, firm, good with a you mind voice coming out of a rib cage that would frighten an obstreperous gorilla. You mind your father, you little hoss. Ben Cartwright is a throwback to the days of Popism — there is a man with some stuffing — and well *you mind* Ben Cartwright could take young Angus to hand — his father can't do anything with the boy — and so Angus's mother writes to Lorne Greene and Greene or more accurately the girl who answers his mail writes back and says, in effect, see your clergyman. See your physician. Greene gets letters like that by the thousands. He was going to write a column, a sort of Andy Landers column for parents, but he talked himself out of it. "Who am I to tell anybody what to do about their kids?" Greene is saying while Gerry Smith seizes a shmoo to catch him with coffee cup aloft. "I don't have the answers. My scriptwriters have the answers. But only for my boys."

After eight years as Ben Cartwright Greene has a proprietary — no *father* — attitude toward the show, toward his boys, and the actors who play them, toward his scriptwriters, even toward the people who interview him for newspapers and magazines. Or so they find. When I interviewed Greene," says a Los Angeles reporter, "I became aware of some ambivalent feelings — kind of respect and resentment — that I hadn't felt since my father died. We were talking about bringing up kids and he gave me all this *mind* stuff about how corporal punishment was wrong under any circumstances, and I agreed with it all but I kept arguing back. He kept putting me down in a very gentle, fatherly way, and after a while I realized with a terrific jolt that I was playing the son. I'm 38, for heaven's sake."

Apparently Greene was born to be a father figure the way some men seem born to be flamenco policemen, pool sharks. In the early 1940s he was chief newscaster for CBC radio then at its peak of national paternalism, and a predecessor of Earl Cameron, another totem father of note. After the war he founded the Academy of Radio Arts in Toronto and the broadcasting business in Canada is full of progeny who looked to Greene for inspiration, instruction and pear-shaped tones. His first big U.S. television role was Big Brother in a Studio One production of *1984*. In *Bonanza* the

LORNE GREENE *continued*

"The only way I can work as an actor is by being me"

character of Ben Cartwright is a fabrication in more than the usual sense. It is just Lorne Greene.

"I don't try to change me," Greene is saying. "I don't try to become Ben Cartwright. The only way I can work as an actor is by being me. I happen to be Lorne Greene. I'm not anybody else. I'm not Ben Cartwright, Joe Blow or anybody else. I can only react to any circumstances as myself. I don't even have a western accent. I change stuff in a script in order to make it more like me. If Lorne Greene off the set is like Lorne Greene on the set, fully, that's what I want. I don't want to be changed."

Greene, his son Charles, his son-in-law Bob Bennett, Marin Dunbee and I are having lunch in Greene's house. Nancy Greene and Linda Bennett are both off at UCLA taking courses. We are sitting around a great Spanish slab of a table in English baronial chairs. Greene's chair at the head of the table is the only one with arms. He is wearing grey cuffless pants, a blue flannel shirt and a navy sweatercoat, double-breasted with brass buttons. The maid brings in an omelette. Very tasty. Greene takes his coffee with Sweeta. There is a great atmosphere in the room, an atmosphere of meadow-green broadloom growing ankle-deep every place like some kind of cash crop, while the good Californian light bounces off the blink slick table and, about five rules down the room, bounces off another table made from a slab of Portuguese marble. There are books piled on it, books of the doorstopper kind with titles such as *Flight* and *The Movies* and *The New Yorker 59-65 Album*. Totem books.

Greene asks his son Charles if he has made an appointment to get a haircut and a beard trim, and from there the conversation gets around to youth. Greene says that the Sunset Strip scene is a kind of anarchy. "The police are picking up heroin, everything down there. What is happening to youth? I suppose it's the Bomb. Youth doesn't understand it. Youth fears it. We all fear it. I get a pink right here when I read about sword-rattling somewhere."

Charles says youth doesn't worry about the Bomb. He and Greene start arguing about the effects of the acceleration of technology and at some point Charles asks if Greene knows what an exponential curve is. Greene says he has never heard of the term and he doesn't see what the hell it has to do with with.

"Let me put it in terms you'll understand," Charles says. "I grew up with the Bomb and a lot of other new things and so I take them for granted. The Bomb will affect you more than me."

"I don't give a damn," Greene says sort of moodily. "The Bomb can go off any second and the knowledge of that is what motivates youth today to do all these crazy things."

But Lorne Greene, totem father to 50 lands, isn't going to have the last word about youth in Mandeville Canyon. "Dad," says Charles Greene, "you don't know what you're talking about." ★

PARADE

That's family planning

During a recent social evening in Toronto someone remarked that younger couples today really take family planning seriously to which a mother of five, in her late 30s, commented: "They'll have to go some to beat *our* generation!" She explained that she and her husband had close friends who also had five youngsters but the ages of the two families were so staggered that having jointly bought a baby carriage for the first arrival they had been able to switch it back and forth to serve all 10 children. My friend Mary and I figure the boys had it all planned back when they were roommates at Guelph, she finished, while they were taking agricultural economics.

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CANADA IN 2067

You'll get a new body when your old one wears out, live in towers, speak a universal language. There'll be no wars—or privacy. And you'll stand loyally to attention for the anthem, God Save Our Machines

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Let God but lift the future for us
human eye could see
Sun the Vision of the world and
all the wonder that would be
Sav the heavens fill with commerce
argosies of magic sails

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON wrote these lines for *Locksley Hall* 125 years ago — more than 60 years before the invention of the airplane. Although Tennyson's political crystal ball was clouded by excessive optimism (he also predicted the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world"), his scientific vision of aircraft stands out as a remarkably accurate long range forecast. What would the poet seer see if he dipped into the future today?

Looking obvious Tennysons the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company decided as one of its Centennial projects to put the question to several hundred prominent Canadians, all experts in their own fields. In some areas there was considerable agreement about what will happen in the next 100 years. If the experts are right, Canada in 2067 will be an intellectual Utopia populated by the elderly but dominated by youth. Our transportation systems will be fully integrated and atomic powered; spare part surgery will have licked the problems of aging; and apartment blocks will tower into man alone self-contained cities.

It that all sounds too organized for comfort and mildly depressing, there's more to come. Mel Arbuckle will reign supreme; meat and fresh food will become a once-a-year luxury and children will become wards of the state virtually from the nursery school stage. And while none of the prognosticators were pessimistic enough to speculate about nuclear war, at least one philosopher is convinced the social structure as a whole will evolve into a modified version of George Orwell's *1984*. Here are some of the predictions in detail:

MEDICINE. Most doctors agree that major breakthroughs will come in the cure (or prevention of) cancer, arteriosclerosis, arthritis and mental diseases. Kidney banks, bone banks and heart valve banks will become as common as eye banks, and the use of plastic and other artificial tissues in replacement will become universal. Dr. Morton Shulman, Chief Coroner for Metropolitan Toronto, foresees the ultimate in endeavor: use where living men whose bodies have finally worn out have their brains transferred to young bodies that have been killed in accidents and thus begin a new physical life with all their mental powers intact. We may thus develop a group of permanent super beings.

Even if we don't go to this extreme, suggests Dr. Shulman, the average man's life could well be extended to 125 or 150 years. "Accidents will become the primary death producers, suicides will become increasingly common as more leisure time produces ennui, and within the century all bodies will be autopsied and then cremated, while cemeteries will disappear."

Dr. Harvey Agnew, president of a Toronto firm of hospital consultants, says hospitals will become specialized and automated — but as a whole will give a more complete service to the community. All of the populace will have a complete medical history on file in a national registry of personal data. Patients will undergo much more extensive periodic overhaul. Blood will be entirely withdrawn and replaced temporarily by special fluids while the blood is being checked; toxins and poisons filtered out and desired cells and other substances added.

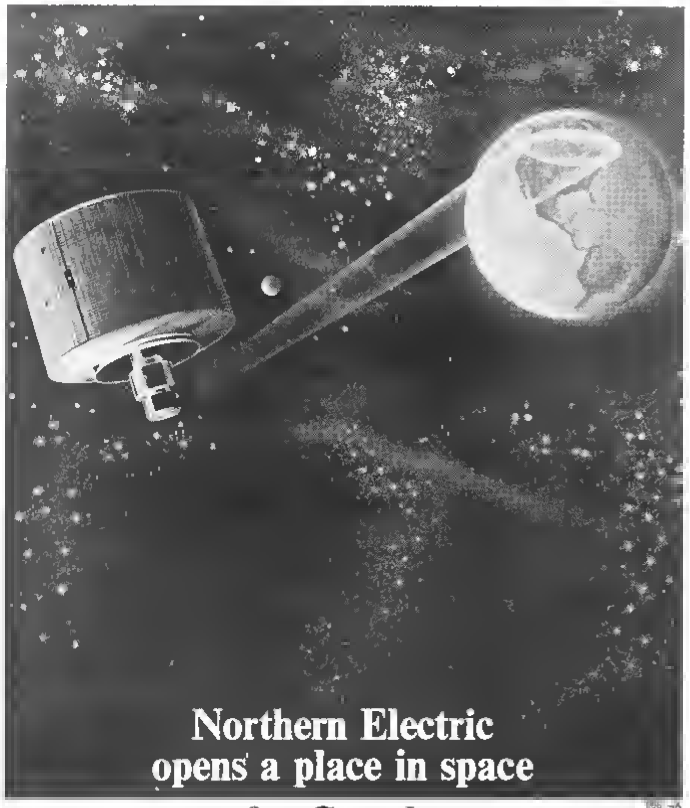
TRANSPORTATION. Chaos will be answered, says Donald Gordon, former president of the CNR, by an integrated and balanced national system combining planes, trains, trucks, buses, water carriers and pipelines. As in other fields, the computer will be king. Fully automatic trains may be hurled by atomic power, and it could be that bulk commodities such as wheat, ores, flour and petroleum products relatively soon will be flowing across the country in specially designed pipelines.

Gordon also believes that current research on controlling or eliminating the force of gravity could eventually revolutionize all man's previous transportation techniques and concepts. "It may even be that the wheel will disappear."

The first vehicle to lose its wheels probably will be the family car, says George Grant, Commissioner of Roads for Metropolitan Toronto. He predicts urban rush hour problems will be solved by aircars, personal Hovercraft moving on a cushion of air. Later, he says, computer controls and nuclear power will produce the day when all we have to do is go out of the house in the morning, get into our own personal rocket suiting on a launching pad, dial our destination on a central computer and automatically take off.

EDUCATION. Dr. Gordon Shrum, chancellor of British Columbia's Simon Fraser University, says "the rapid accumulation of knowledge will force the acceptance of the concept that education is a lifelong process, rather than an activity for adolescents between the ages of six and 18." He also thinks the main role of the universities "will be to instruct in the humanities and other cultural courses adults who have already completed their professional training in a wide variety of other specialized institutions of higher learning."

By 2067, says Murray Ross, president of Ontario's York University, "close to 100 percent of our youth under 25 years of age will be in some form of post-secondary school education, pregnant — nursing school teachers, college, community college, university. The millions of youth, secure in schools, colleges and universities, will be the dominant force in our society. Their influence will be felt in every area of life, and they will be the principal consumers of goods and services."



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Several synchronous satellites now hover above the earth. Top ranking scientists, engineers and technicians are using these in designing and developing telecommunications equipment to meet specific Canadian needs.

Northern Electric is continuously contributing to the development of Canada in the field of telecommunications, researching equipment capable of bringing to you, by satellite communications, a complete range of voice, data, radio and television service.

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An all-Canadian Company with over 24,000 employees

The wheel will be obsolete, and you'll drive a Hovercraft

PARADE

Later's sooner than you think

Lois of Toronto bars offer entertainment but as far as the waiters are concerned their customers should never lose sight of the main reason for their attendance. One impatient tray pusher hovered over a couple whose drinks were no more than half gone and asked cheerily: "Another Scotch on the rocks for you, sir?" The customer replied: "No thank you. Perhaps a bit later." The waiter was off like a jet for the bar and back in no time with a fresh drink which he set down triumphantly. "I said later," the customer declared with some annoyance. "That's what you said, sir," agreed the waiter. "Now it is later."



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GO TILDEN PEDICAB



There'll be no teachers, theatres—or Canada as we know it

ties, will be much more creative adventuresome and socially active than past generations of youth. One can count on them to induce great social change.

room. Canada will meet her increased food demands by importing and producing more during the next 100 years, says Everett Biggs, Ontario's Deputy Minister of Agriculture. By 2067 the domestic demand for food products will be five to six times the 1967 demand. There are still 27 million acres of agricultural land uncultivated in Canada and by developing these Canada could increase her agricultural production by 511 percent.

However, says Biggs, by the 1980s a significant proportion of our food requirements will be supplied by synthetic products. Within 100 years livestock, still a relatively inefficient producer of food, will be abandoned.

It is entirely conceivable that by 2067 our foods could all basically come from plant sources."

J. H. Johnson, president of Canadian Canners Ltd., predicts that even 50 years from now a typical businessman's lunch will consist of a martini made from instant alcohol and a reconstituted Spanish olive, followed by a hard omelet (the egg is still around, but the ham comes from a soybean base) and selections from a tray of dessert cubes.

THE ARTS. Ed Mirvish, impresario and owner of Toronto's Royal Alexandra theatre, believes that legitimate theatre will not exist as we now know it, but will flourish on a scale that will dwarf anything existing today or in the past. Mirvish believes soaring costs will price live productions out of existence and space will eliminate the present form of theatre.

Instead, theatre will exist electronically in the home. Popular entertainment will be taken over and become part of the communications industry, and even the classic fare of the past will yield to electronic formats. We will be able to dial a drama of either the Shakespearean or *Petticoat Junction* variety, depending on one's mood.

"Where then will the so-called 'true theatre reside'? I think it will reside in what is now known in its embryonic period as 'Happenings.' Greatly refined, the true art form will evolve from small groups, unmolested with enormous amounts of free time, who will gather primarily for a live human experience and to communicate on a personal basis.

In a lighter vein, pianist Glenn Gould foresees at least one direct consequence of the arts becoming absorbed by mass communications. Symphony orchestras across the country will emulate the music-loving public of Toronto and Montreal in their quest for conductorial exoticism. But the trend will begin its inevitable decline when Lee Phong Wee, the celebrated Cambodian maestro in augurating his first season as conductor of the Fort St. John Philharmonic will confine a subdivided sforzando with a kurate chop and decapitate his concertmaster.

SOCIETY. Most of the social reforms we're currently fighting for will be long-won battles by 2067. Journalist June Callwood predicts "criminals will be treated as people with an illness, along with addicts, alcoholics, tycoons and perverts." Miss Callwood also believes departments of education will be supervising parents whose personal problems make them unjust, unseven or antagonistic to their young. Housing will be concentrated in tall towers containing a vertical mosaic of facilities — hobby rooms, libraries, schools, theatres, nurseries and rooms for those in need of solitude.

On a broader scale, says social philosopher Marcus Long of the University of Toronto, Canada's peculiar problems will cease to exist because there will be no Canada as we know it. "Nationalism and cultural rivalry will disappear in a world where distance will have become meaningless, isolation impossible and interdependence essential. Ideological conflict will seem absurd. War, as a resolution of anything, will be unknown. The USSR and the U.S. will be administrative areas under a central administration. Universal communication will require a common language (probably English). Government will be by nonelected experts using machines. Big government will become Big Business. Efficiency will become both a watchword and a fact."

If this sounds like Tennyson's "federation of the world" finally come true, Long warns that it also means sacrificing individuality. "There will be no privacy. The most intimate details about every individual from birth to death will be recorded and made easily available. This will increase the efficiency of the regime and make organized rebellion against it impossible. Schools will co-operate. The aim of education will be to produce quiescent, co-operative and useful citizens.

Teachers will be replaced by machines and the intellectual needs of students will be determined by their potential usefulness to society. Various techniques will be used to condition the person through manipulation of the brain. Artificial insemination will make selective breeding possible and perhaps make women an unnecessary. The family unit will be abolished for central training of children whose father will be unknown to them.

"The stupid human problems of tribalism, nationalism, language, rebellion, immorality, individualism, divorce, delinquency, poverty, discrimination, hunger and war will be abolished. The price for such a delightful fall of goods is very small. Give up your rights to be a person. Follow the advice of Hobbes. Accept the machine as master."

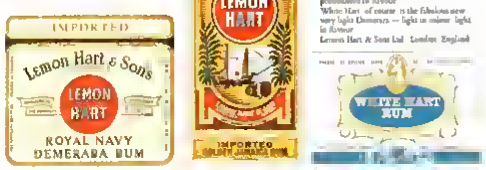
Terrifying? Certainly, but as with all predictions, to be taken with a cellar full of salt. It is interesting to note that a similar set of experts canvassed by *Maclean's* back in the late 1940s, scored a dismal zero out of 10 in most of their predictions about what would be happening in the late 1960s. By now it was prophesied we should be flying the Atlantic for $100 (cheapest commercial flight is still $233 one way), going to work every day in a helicopter, reading facsimile newspapers fed into every home by radio process, living in all-plastic houses and surviving on one pill of concentrated food compound a day.

One of the all-time lows in the forecasting business was scored by the great C. D. Howe. In 1948, just four years before CBC TV went on the air, Howe predicted that television would not come to Canada for many years, if ever. ★



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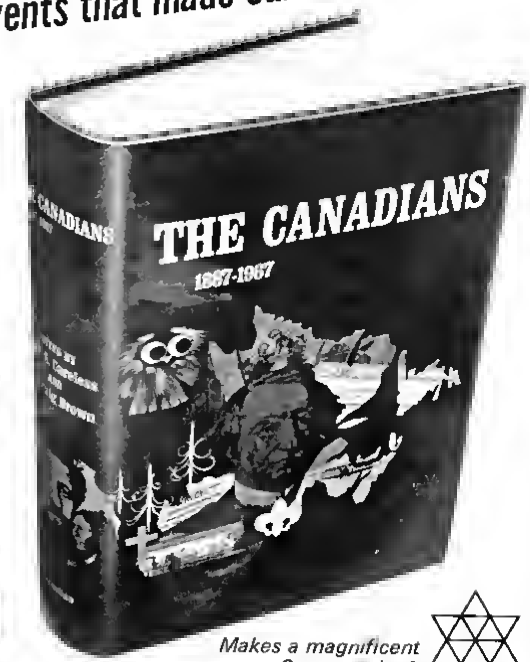
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CBC RADIO
CBC TELEVISION

We've got materials and labor—it's land we're short of

Rose a University of Toronto professor of social work and one of Canada's foremost authorities on housing. Says Rose "There's no doubt about it — we're heading to the point where the family cannot expect a single detached housing unit."

What will Kirkup's "volkswagen" housing of the future be like? Will it be mass-produced factory housing, shipped in sections to the site and then assembled in days? Or will it be more massive apartment blocks, condominiums and high density row housing? The answer, experts say, will likely be a combination of all these. But most people wonder why we can't build enough houses right now to satisfy the existing demand. The builders and developers are there. There's no shortage of building materials. And, in most places, there's no shortage of labor. What we *are* short of — apart from the present artificial shortage of money — is land.

Dr. Rose explains: "We always assumed somehow that we had unlimited supplies of land here in Canada. Suddenly we found we haven't. What Dr. Rose is referring to is not so much just plain ordinary land — there's still plenty of that left — but *serviced* land: land with all the costly municipal services — schools, sewers, water — that must be available, or at least in prospect, before you can build. Our cities have simply reached their boundaries and, in most cases, it doesn't pay them to continue to expand. The extra assessment revenue they get doesn't cover the enormous cost of expanding their services to cover new areas. And in the few instances where municipalities are still expanding, the trend is overwhelmingly to high-density multiple accommodation. In the Toronto suburb of North York's northeast corner, now under development, only one third of the population will live in houses, two thirds will live in apartments or row housing. Says Mayor James Service: "We've got to resign ourselves to high-density living and drop the idea of a little house for everyone."

The result of the squeeze on serviced land is, predictably, skyrocketing land costs. In Toronto the price of a serviced lot has gone up more than $3,000 *in the last year alone*. Average price is now around $10,000. H. W. Higuett, president of Central Mortgage and Housing Corp., the federal government's housing agency, says, "A serviced lot should not represent more than a quarter or one third of total property value. But in Toronto already they're putting $10,000 worth of house on a $10,000 lot. Private dwellings," says Higuett, "will never be the ideal again." On this one point — the death of the detached family home — almost everyone concerned with housing agrees. What they *don't* agree on is how best to cushion the transfer: how to fill the gap between the death of the small house and the emergence of new types of housing.

Experts appear to split into three main schools of thought when it comes to finding ways to fill this housing gap. The first school could be summed up along these lines: "If we humble along just as we always have, things will straighten themselves out sooner or later. And besides, it's the other fellows' job to get off his backside — not mine." This approach is exemplified by federal Labor Minister Jack Nicholson, the cabinet minister responsible for housing. Affairs. The fact that it's the *labor* minister — there's no federal housing minister — probably says something about Ottawa's attitude to housing in itself.

Nicholson explains that Ottawa only got involved in housing because of World War II. Thousands of servicemen were returning from the war to a conspicuous lack of homes. To fit heroes, Ottawa set up the National Housing Act and its mortgage agency, the Central Mortgage and Housing Corp., to provide guaranteed funds for home building. "Constitutionally speaking," says Nicholson, "we shouldn't be having anything to do with housing at all." The initiative to bring down the cost of land and housing must come from municipalities and provinces, he says.

Nicholson came to for a stiff dressing down from home builders and mortgage men when he took this line at a February conference called by the CMHC in Toronto to tell the industry about Ottawa's new flexible NHA interest rates. David Mansur, a former head of CMHC and now boss of a Toronto mortgage company, lashed out at Nicholson's optimistic everything's-all-right speech. Mansur said that in the last year Canadians incomes have gone up five percent, yet the cost of housing has increased 20 percent. He said Ottawa's flexible NHA interest rates had resulted in builders holding off because they believed the rate would come down. And in any event, said Mansur, there's little point left in building houses because people simply can't afford to buy them anyway.

The 350 builders, developers and mortgage men at the conference responded with principal Mansur's remarks by shouting "Tell 'em Dave!" and "Keep going, Dave." Every time Mansur sat down, the builders urged him to stand up and give Nicholson another earful. The conference fizzled out in an atmosphere of recriminations and finger pointing. Nicholson left looking very unhappy.

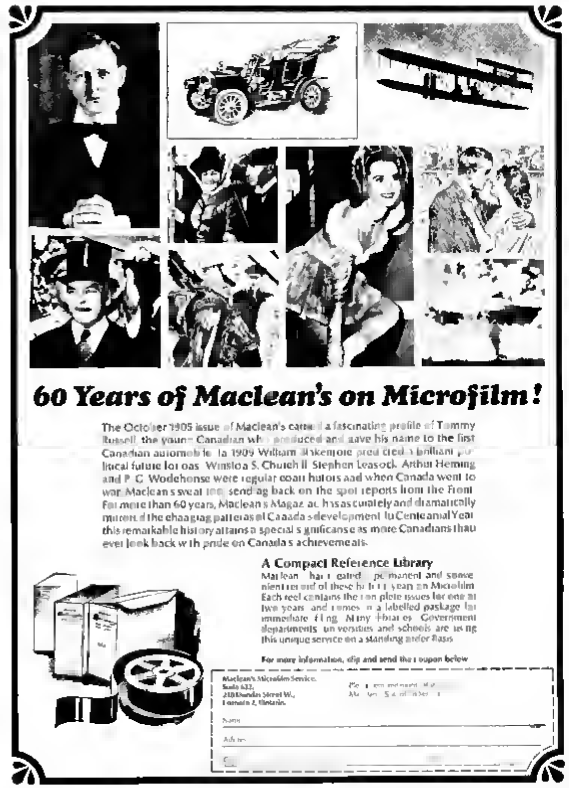
The second current approach being taken to the housing crisis is a variation of the official Ottawa line, except that it's a bit more sophisticated. It could be called the philosophe or academic approach. It goes something like this: "Well, this whole problem of housing is so complicated that it's impossible to look at it from any one point of view. New social trends are emerging — the Pill, for instance, is leading to smaller families — and maybe young people don't *want* to own homes any more."

As Professor Albert Rose of the University of Toronto explains: "A young couple gets married today and everyone says 'Here's this lovely young couple and soon they'll have a lovely little baby and how the hell are they going to be able to buy a house?' Well, the answer's simple: they're going to have to live in an apartment like people do everywhere else in the world."

Rose says we should be reconsidering certain fixed ideas we've had about families and housing. "The postwar three-bedroom bungalow has become a sort of dream. You know, the family that prays together and all the rest of it. But do families really do this today? Do their children really live within the family circle the way they used to?"

Rose says the answer is that they

continued on page 78



GOOD-BY, DOBBIN, THE WORLD'S GOT WHEELS

BY JOHN DE BONDT

When the century was a teenager, Canada's farmers found themselves the delighted winners in a contest that was changing the face of North America: it was the car against the horse—and Ol' Dobbin didn't stand a chance

In October 1917 *The Farmer's Magazine* published in Toronto carried an advertisement that wondered in big, bold type "IS THE HORSE DOOMED?"

The product advertised was a remedy for horse colic but the doubt inferred in that headline wasn't thought on by many other mammal dreamers. What was thrilling the horse, especially on the farm, was an epidemic known by a variety of names the most luminal of which perhaps was Ford.

On Canada's 7,000,000 farms about twice as many million horses were in use (against fewer than 50,000 tractors) and in every village, town and city the horse was still as dominant as in a western. It was, as the horse medicine ad put it, "in the last degree unlikely that the noblest of the dumb animals will be rendered useless by mechanical devices."

If the patent-drug people showed faith in the horse's continued presence the motor-car industry was steering straight for Dobbin's death. "Replace Your Buggy With A Ford," one ad told farmers. Not all manufacturers hinted their ease was convincingly. In June 1917 a full page ad in *The Farmer's Magazine* proclaimed that "All cost of doors counts" because it would enable you to get an Overland. To a farmer who had been working in the blazing sun all day, that must have seemed like a good proposition in spite of the nervacious blonde beckoning from the horizon in the picture.

But it didn't take Overland long to learn the farmer's language. In February 1918, under the unmistakable heading "The Thrift Car," the ad writers made a good point despite their grammar: "A farmer 30 miles from town with an Overland is closer than one live miles away who depends entirely upon horses. Often a repair is suddenly needed while harvesting — with an Overland it is an hour to go to town, get the repair and return to work without losing precious time."

The Chevrolet people in Oshawa, Ont., contented themselves with printing pictures of their various models. A complete line of the models includes a car for every class of buyer," said a September 1917 ad. Eight months later these classes were spelled out in what with a smidge at the apostrophe had become *Farmers Magazine*. Although the illustration showed a tubby touring car in a farmyard, the text prescribed that "Doctors, businessmen, bankers, salesmen and ladies — all should use the Chevrolet Four Ninety and prowel more energy, activity and business into the busy day."

Getting more done in a day even stirred Overland to patronize overtones. "The call for extra effort has been heard and answered by men, women and even children," read an ad in the September 1917 issue of *MacLean's*. "Do your bit but keep fit. If you work harder play harder too. Have a motor car."

Less direct was a 1922 ad in *MacLean's* under the heading "Peace and Plenty Here Abide." Under an idyllic picture of a sun-dreamed farmhouse on Sunday afternoon the text drewled. "All over Canada are thousands of scenes like this — the substantial dwelling built by patient industry from the fruits of Mother Earth — roomy barns that hint of blooded stock — spacious lawns — giant shade trees that tell a story of acres wrested from the forest by pioneers whose thews and sinews had to take the place of the train and labor-saving devices we know today."

The ad rambled on "For them long hours of unremitting toil. For you the Fordson tractor. For them the plodding ox team and a life of loneliness and isolation. For you the Ford Car that opens the door to every city convenience and removes the last barrier to that social intercourse which alone makes life worth living."

But that wasn't the end of Henry's repertoire. A 1918 ad showed a farm with a horse and buggy, harnesses, blankets, whips, currycombs, brushes, horseshoes, pitchforks, feed bins and "many articles that are a source of continuous expense to the man who still drives a horse." The heading said: "A Ford Car Takes The Place of all These Things," and the copy pointed out that "when a Ford is standing idle it does not eat three meals a day."

The car makers were enthusiastically supported in the news and editorial pages of the day's farming publications. In a 1917 number of *Farmer's*, one of a pair of pictures showed two horses and a carriage with the caption "A team, carriage and harness serviceable, ready for emergency, costs fully $650. Twenty miles would be a big drive." The other photo showed a touring car with the caption: "An automobile costs from $500 to $1,000. John Young, of Alameda, Sask., finds that its upkeep is not so high as a team of road horses and decidedly less in regular attention. Twenty miles would be a noon spell trip."

Learning to drive the newfangled machines was a problem quickly talked out of existence by eager salesmen and equally eager teenage sons. There was also, of course, the ever helpful *Farmers Magazine* which preached this emergency rule: "When you don't know what to do shut off both feet." The anxieties of novice farmer drivers were reflected in the automotive question and answer columns. One reader wonders what to do "if your starter failed to work and you had lost your starting crank." Very simple: "Jack up rear wheels, let clutch in, put in high speed, turn back wheel quickly either by hand or by stepping on the wheel spokes. When engine starts, get gear in neutral."

But such negative musings could never cope with the unending positive thinking from Oshawa and Walkerville, Ont. Almost every article in the farm magazines contained happy endorsements from farmers who had bought cars. "We live about four miles from church," wrote one farmer in 1917, "but now we all go there together and we can get home before we are unduly hungry." Even pleasure is more pleasant, extolled another. There is no doubt that the automobile "widened rural joys," as one writer put it. Living on a farm before the days of the motor car meant isolation and even visiting a neighbor five miles away was a trip. The coming cars and tonneaus, runabouts and roadsters changed all that.

If anybody today blamed the car had saved his marriage it would sound farfetched but E. M. Monro in the May 1, 1918 issue of *Farmers Magazine* did just that in a touching tale of rural drudgery. "There's something about the long hours and the dog-tiredness that puts a wet blanket over anything emotional or idealistic," he wrote and "there we were — our ideals bursting like bubbles and nothing before us but the grinding routine that has turned many an inspired farmer into a mere man with a hoe and set the lines of his family toward the town."

The day he finally bought a car he and his wife Jane "both had just that quality of tiredness that needs only another straw to make something snap." But their first trip in the new "shining throbbing thing with its mirror sides and canvas top" made all tiredness vanish.

"It was a new sensation to float along mile after mile with the wind fanning the scent of clover in our faces to soar up hills like a bird and coast down the other side with every nerve tingling with the joy of speeding. It was better than a visit to the movies to see the pictures flying past of lamplighted houses with blinds undrawn and families gathered about the table of cattle settling down sleepily in pasture hollows and white mists rising over the fields. Then we turned and came home very slowly and quietly in the dark. We noticed how still the night was and how clear the whip-poor-will sounded from the marshes and how the moonlight filtered through the elm trees — but we didn't say much about it. We had a right the thing that had been slipping from us since the last night of our honeymoon when we drove over the same road from the station to the farm and we were strangely quiet. Only when we turned in at the gate of the modest little farm house we saw it through different eyes. There was a dearness in every line of it not to be compared with the biggest houses we had passed and we knew that the dullness, the monotony, the brooding discontent had all been within ourselves."

Such stories sold cars. It wasn't tractors, or trucks but passenger cars that constituted the appeal few farmers could resist. The automobile set the farmer free and made him a country gentleman.

Of course the number of trucks and tractors did rise gradually. In 1921 there were 711,000 farms in Canada and only 47,455 tractors — or about one tractor on every 15 farms. Ten years later there was one tractor for every seven farms. And in 1961 — the latest year for which census figures are available — there were 558,000 tractors on 481,000 farms. (The number of farms has gone down but total farm acreage has increased.) The number of farm trucks has risen from 48,401 (one for every 15 farms) in 1931 — the first time they were mentioned in the census — to 302,000 in 1961 or two for every three farms.

But the passenger car came in with a bang and in 1931 there were already 321,000 cars on Canadian farms — almost as many as the 358,000 cars on farms in 1961.

Meanwhile the number of farm horses declined steadily. In 1921 there were 3,452,000 of them or about five per farm. In 1961 there were only 512,000 — roughly one left on every farm. It is doubtful whether many of these animals are being used as motive power today and virtually none are road horses.

Such was — and still is — the tremendous appeal of the automobile.

It was Dobbin's doom. ★







In 1917-1918 ads, car makers sounded an irresistible siren call to isolated, lonely and farmers' wives: comfort, a way to keep the kids happy — all for $475 and up





Unless the house changes drastically, prices won't drop

don't. Kids today are so fantastically mobile — they don't need nurturing within a family circle."

Then Ian says Rose fashions in families come and go. It appears that we've just passed through a phase of large families — "people having kids right and left" — and that now we're heading into a small-family cycle.

People are so mobile today," says Rose. "Young couples went to buy cars, go abroad, live it up. They don't want to be tied down by kids."

Rose believes that although the housing situation may be bad now, in certain respects it will straighten itself out in the long run. The trend away from having children near

forms of high-density urban housing development of commuter railways opening up new tracts of outer urban land, new forms of co-op and non-downturn housing — all these factors, he believes, will lead to supply and demand balancing out.

The third approach to housing could be called the practical attitude.

"For heaven's sake, let's build more housing. This is invariably the line taken by builders, developers, some local politicians, and often (and not surprisingly) the public, who want somewhere to live. Members of this school of thought tend to be uninterested in all the theorizing about root causes of the housing shortage. They're concerned with the practical reasons why they can't build or get suitable housing. Things like the shortage of mortgage money, municipal regulations that don't allow septic tanks, bylaws that forbid wood-frame construction, land speculation, the reluctance of provincial governments to pay more of the cost of education, the city redrawing home taxes, selfish and narrow-minded local councils that don't want vulgar development intruding into their comfortable semi-rural lives, all the blinkering little clashes of self-interest that run running to prevent houses from being built.

"The biggest factor right now is the shortage of mortgage money. Lawrence Shinkman, head of Consolidated Building Corp., one of Canada's largest home builders, says, 'With the government turning mortgage funds on and off, we never know what's coming. We can't plan far ahead. I don't know of any other industry filled with the uncertainties we have to face.' Shinkman's Consolidated built 300 homes in the Toronto area last year. He'd planned on closer to 700. 'We just couldn't get the money,' he says.

"Builders are not alone in disapproving of the way the government hits the construction industry hardest in periods of deflation. The Economic Council of Canada in its annual review last November strongly criticized the government for its 'up and down' housing policy. The council pointed out that the industry is plagued with instability. The solution, it suggested, is to draw up a long-term plan for housing in Canada — decide how many units will be needed annually for say the next decade. Then the government could budget to make available sufficient mortgage funds over a long term period, and control the ups and downs of inflation by other methods.

As to the cost of housing itself — the value you get for each dollar spent on actual construction — builders claim their industry has gone as far as it can in reducing costs. W. G. Connelly of Ottawa, president of the National House Builders' Association, says: "Unless the house as we conceive of it changes drastically, we can't reduce the building cost much.

Connelly, the CMHC, the National Research Council and the NHBA set up a research project house at an Ottawa subdivision. They wanted to see how much they could save on the cost of a typical house by scrimping and saving and taking advantage of every modern technological development. They ended up saving only $367 on a three-bedroom bungalow costing about $18,000 with land. Building costs were $10,476. Polyethylene under the basement floor instead of crushed rock saved $53, substituting spruce for pine in basement stairs saved $14 and so on. Nowhere did the researchers find it possible to make any sensational saving or breakthrough using the latest available technologies.

The high standard of fittings demanded by government and private mortgage lenders before they'll finance houses is another seriously restricting factor on Canada's home production. It is these regulations and the resulting difficulty in qualifying for mortgage money, that particularly frustrate the manufactured-housing industry. One of the industry's spokesmen is Sol Burke, of West Hill, Ont., past president of a fledgling organization called the Canadian Home Manufacturers Association. Formed three years ago to promote the idea of manufacturing houses. Instead of building by the laborious, centuries-old method of piling one brick on top of another, Burke and the house-manufacturers believe in applying modern mass production technology to home building. The house makers build their houses in factories and then ship them in sections to the site. It takes two or three days to put the thing up, and another month or so to finish everything. This way it's possible to build a perfectly adequate house for $7,000 and a luxurious one for $15,000, plus the cost of the land.

Instant houses

Burke is vice-president of Colonial Homes Ltd., of West Hill, and last year his company's plants at West Hill, Hawkesbury, Ont., and Halifax turned out about 1,000 instant houses. But, says Burke, "for every house we finally put up we had to cancel three or four other orders because we found local bylaws or building codes or mortgage regulations wouldn't allow manufactured housing. We could triple our annual production almost right away if these antediluvian regulations were changed."

Possibly the most significant housing technology breakthrough has been made by the Aluminum Company of Canada with its $10,000 factory-made house. ALCAN has spent around a million dollars over the last few years perfecting a series of thoroughly modern prefab houses. Production of 100 units a month is expected to start at an as-yet unnamed Ontario location this September, and within the next five years ALCAN hopes to have a string of plants across Canada churning out thousands of these homes. The houses will be towed out of the plants on a special undercarriage gear, once at the site they can be erected in a matter of days.

We've been getting a lot of very pathetic letters due to publicity about these houses," says ALCAN spokesman Roland Rudd. "People keep desperately asking us when they're going to be available, many say they're putting off buying until they can get an ALCAN house." The fact is, he says, the first houses are liable to be snapped up pretty quickly and it may be years before the company can come close to meeting demand. Company officials have put a limit of $4,000 on the price of lots to go with the houses, more expensive lots they feel don't make sense with a $10,000 house. This rules out the houses being built in high price land areas such as Toronto.

The other possibly bright spot in the housing picture is the increased interest being shown in the concept of housing called condominium. This is an own your own apartment or townhouse scheme which has already won wide acceptance in the United States. Unlike co-op housing where the tenant buys shares in a project (usually with an agreement to sell them back to the owner when he moves), condominium units are sold outright to purchasers. The owner pays a small fee to cover the cost of operating mutual services such as elevators, lawns and corridors.

British Columbia already has legislation to permit condominiums, other provinces, such as Ontario and Nova Scotia, are studying it. Costs can be substantially reduced. Halifax developers are already talking of selling townhouse units for $17,000 with $2,500 down, and two-bedroom apartments for $14,000. This is in a city with one of the highest national housing costs — average new house price last year was around $30,000.

But so far no condominium housing has actually been built anywhere in Canada. The same goes for the other housing breakthroughs — ALCAN's $10,000 home, new forms of high-density housing — they're all not yet actually here.

Other last ways to bring down the cost of housing — provincial relief for home taxes, for example — are also show in coming. Manitoba and New Brunswick are planning now to assume significant portions of the cost of education, thus relieving property owners. Other provinces should follow suit. In Toronto municipal and school board taxes on a modest downtown house can come to $1,000 a year easily enough in itself to make home purchasing prohibitive for most potential buyers.

In Ontario the province plans to try another approach. Premier Roberts is introducing a plan called HOME — Home Ownership Made Easy — whereby the province will buy tracts of land and then lease lots to home owners. Economics Minister Stanley Randall says this could cut the cost of a $25,000 house to around $15,000. Down payments could be halved.

The provincial government housing agency, Ontario Housing Corp., already acquired some 2,000 acres in Metro Toronto and about 4,000 in the rest of the province. But already Opposition critics are charging the plan won't work, and that it's just a front to avoid really tackling the housing shortage.

All these new developments will do something to ease the painful move away from individual home ownership. But as is usual with any far-reaching social change there'll be nothing neat and well defined about the transition into the cities of tomorrow. The University of Toronto's Dr. Albert Rose sums it all up when he says: "I suppose one way or another we'll muddle through, making all the mistakes before the thing straightens itself out. One thing's for sure, though: the idea of every man in his own little house is out and like it or not is going to be quite the same again. ★

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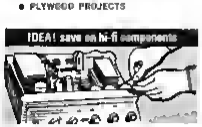
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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN

MEDICINE

BY EARL DAMUDE

Legal abortions—but not abortion on demand

For those who have followed public discussion about the need for some form of legislation to clarify the legality of therapeutic abortion in Canada, the recent announcement by Prime Minister Pearson that changes in the present law will be introduced probably at the present session of parliament brought little surprise, for there has been a growing ground swell of opinion in favor of this reform.

Although most doctors in Canada probably favor clarification of the present situation many do not agree to the principles behind the new British legislation. There therapeutic abortion is to be permitted if there is a substantial risk that the baby will be deformed if a woman's capacity as a mother will be severely overstrained — or if there has been rape or incest.

More thoughtful doctors say that aborting a woman because the fetus *may* be malformed carries with it the implication of euthanasia. They claim it is the primitive approach of Herod that for every malformed fetus aborted there may be several quite normal fetuses destroyed. Then thinking is that any legislation ought to tackle the problem from the other way round: term nation of pregnancy should be permitted to relieve the mother of the mental strain of going through a pregnancy fearing the birth of a malformed baby. It amounts to the same thing but it puts the focus on the mother rather than the fetus.

As for the "capacity as a mother" section it is highly unlikely that such a nonmedical condition will be introduced into any Canadian bill. Doctors feel it would lead inevitably to "abortions on demand" — a situation that could be demoralizing to physicians who would be forced to assess a woman's capacity as a mother.

Hangovers: a cancer warning?

If you are a social drinker who suddenly seems to be getting sicker than usual hangovers, or you find yourself getting sick after a cocktail or two, you may be getting an early warning about cancer. An article in the *British Medical Journal* confirms that people with certain types of cancer do have an intolerance to alcohol. Dr. T. B. Brewin says he checked 155 people with alcohol intolerance and found 60 of them had cancer of the lymph glands, 24 had other types of lymph disorders, 16 had carcinoma of the cervix and the other 55 had a wide variety of tumors, some of them harmless. Drinking caused pain at the site of the tumor in 79 patients, internal bleeding in 14 and another 18 complained of what they called "alcohol attacks."

This intolerance to alcohol is such an accurate warning for tumors in some people that even those normal patients who have had radiation treatment (and the treatment has not killed all the cancer cells) can get an alcohol reaction.

Dr. Brewin says it must be remembered that alcohol intolerance can come from harmless tumors too. But an unusual reaction to drinking could save your life because it could lead to an early diagnosis of cancer.

Born to be criminals

If a man has been "programmed" for a life of crime from the moment he was conceived, ought he to be considered a criminal or a sick person?

This isn't quite as academic a question as you may suppose. The day is fast approaching when scientists will predict with reasonable accuracy whether an infant is likely to show criminal behavior when he gets older. A recent British study has revealed that an unusual sex chromosome arrangement is showing up with surprising frequency among certain types of criminals.

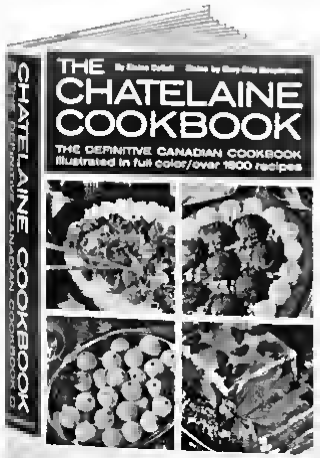
Although these prisoners look perfectly normal their personalities have serious defects which usually drive them into lives of crime. It was found that people with abnormal chromosome patterns were convicted early in life — even earlier than delinquent males with normal chromosome makeup.

Another curious fact has come out of the British studies. The chromosome-defective crooks go in for offenses against property rather than crimes of violence.

The scientists say their findings are too new to support many conclusions. But they are fairly sure that more study of chromosome abnormalities may provide a clue to antisocial behavior. An editorial in the *British Medical Journal* points out that the discovery may point the way for a more humane and appropriate treatment of these "programmed" criminals.

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ARGUMENT *continued from page 10*

"We become liars, cheats, tricksters"

establishments. Now we have fewer like Crockford's, a rich casino studded with titled members, and more places like the Victoria Sporting Club which opened a couple of years ago and signed up 11,000 members within its first year.

"A casino that used to expect 50 men to lose £100 each" a manager of one mass-membership club told me, "now tries to attract 1,000 men who'll drop a five-pound note each."

With the gambling houses increasing in numbers every year, the competition between them is becoming as keen as it is between rival supermarkets. Some casinos offer patrons free meals and others hand out free drinks between sessions at the tables. A bookie shop in the Midlands caters to the female betting trade with a "ladies only" annex. One Mayfair club, The Pair of Shoes, blazes its name in king-sized letters from its roof for the benefit of North American guests of the Hilton hotel across the street. Still another casino sponsors chartered air excursions from the U.S. "for a week's shopping, gambling and nightseeing in London" — and they're booked ahead for a solid year.

But sadly for England, the biggest gambling group comes from the UK's working class and the busiest betting shops are near docks and industrial complexes. This lamentable situation has led to a tremendous loss in the nation's productivity, for the man who sneaks around the corner to lay a last bet often stays on and on to try to get himself out of the red.

And there are indications that the working man's addiction to games of chance is growing. As unemployment rises in England's depressed northeast, so does the volume of gambling. Housewives in today's brash new Britain often look on the betting shop as a part of call no less regular than the grocer's.

A truly tragic side effect of the vastly increased temptation to bet is the frightening growth of compulsive gambling. One call at Wandsworth Prison and another at a Gamblers' Anonymous meeting offered me a glimpse of the tragic problems that gambling can inflict on people who suffer from personality defects.

"We become liars, cheats and confidence tricksters," a Gamblers Anonymous member told me. "The 1960 act has ruined more people in Britain than both world wars."

A London psychiatrist gave me a more clinical judgment. "A person might like to drink, take drugs or gamble," he said. "But he won't until the opportunity is provided. The opportunities created by the 1960 act have already tipped many pathological gamblers over the edge."

Even bingo, the most innocent form of gambling, has led to family tragedies. I have a letter from a woman in the west of England who got herself mired in debt by losing regularly at bingo.

"I want desperately to be a normal housewife again," she writes. "My husband isn't a man who has ever owed a penny, but he is beginning to wonder why I never get any new clothes or other things I need for the house. I can't eat or sleep for worrying."

I finally tried to tell him. I said someone I knew had gambled herself deep into debt. He said, 'If it was my wife I'd thrash the life out of her and throw her out.' I didn't say any more.

At the time I visited Wandsworth Prison, 20 inmates were confined there for crimes committed as a result of their compulsive gambling and their consequent need for more betting money.

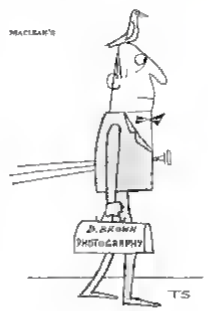
"If a man who has it in him to be a compulsive gambler takes his first bet, he's had it," the prison welfare officer told me. "Since we formed the Gamblers Anonymous group here in October 1965 and began keeping records on its members, we've found that only one compulsive gambler in 50 had ever committed a criminal offense *before* he started to gamble.

"When these men talk at group meetings, one phrase continually crops up. 'By this time, betting shops had opened and it was easy to lay a bet.' I don't say we had no compulsive gamblers before, but without a doubt legal gambling increased the opportunities."

Britons are at last beginning to rethink the whole gambling mess. There's no general movement to make all gambling illegal, but many MPs and many ordinary citizens now favor putting a few checks on the present wide-open legislation. The Reverend Gordon Moody, general secretary of the Churches' Council On Gambling, reflects a strong current of thought when he argues that "it's daft to have a law that is just prohibitive and not successful. By and large we should allow gambling — but we should write in safeguards to prevent exploitation and excess."

And certainly Canadians, those seven Canadians in 10 should take Gordon Moody's words to heart and remember her the British experience of the last seven years. Canadians at least don't have the same excuse that Britons once had.

They didn't know the gun was loaded ★





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IN ONE HUNDREDS

Walter Gordon: "I thought we behaved like scared children"

they've already got about $25 billion invested. Their direct personal interest in Canadian prosperity is very high.

"I thought we behaved like scared children when we talked about reprisals in the Mercantile Bank affair."

To this the Mitchell Sharp men reply that "reprisal" is a silly word: the real danger is quite different. It's not a matter of direct deliberate specific action they say. It's a matter of atmosphere. Nobody is going to forbid American investors to spend or lend money in Canada — but nobody's going to command them to do it either. It's urgently necessary in their view that Canadian government and business remain on amicable terms with the American financial community.

For both factions the most recent case in point has been the Mercantile Bank dispute. Each sees in this a good example of the dangers threatening Canada, and the proper way to avert them. They differ fundamentally on what the principal dangers are, and what protective measures are required.

The Mercantile fight began in 1963. James Rockefeller, president of the First National City Bank of New York, came to Ottawa to see Finance Minister Walter Gordon. He said Citibank had decided to buy Mercantile, a small Dutch-owned bank which was the only one in Canada under foreign control, but was small and had only a negligible share of Canadian banking business. Citibank, of course, planned to expand it.

Gordon warned Rockefeller that this expansion wouldn't be allowed. Citibank's invasion would be sure to prompt similar moves by its competitor banks in the U.S., and this the Canadian government was determined to prevent. Citibank had not yet made any final commitment to buy Mercantile. Gordon pointed out to the Canadian government would feel quite justified in passing retroactive legislation to forbid its expansion if, despite this warning, Citibank went ahead with its purchase plans.

Citibank did ignore Gordon's warning, did buy Mercantile, and did lay plans for its expansion. Before the Commons committee on finance last January 24, Rockefeller flatly denied Gordon's version of their 1963 talk. He had called on the minister merely as a courtesy, he said, to let him know of a purchase to which Citibank was already committed and from which it could not honorably withdraw.

But among the documents tabled before the committee was a memorandum from Robert MacFadden, the Citibank vice-president who had become president of Mercantile, which stated very clearly that the deal had *not* been final when MacFadden and Rockefeller saw Gordon, and that they had agreed to "clear it with the minister of finance" before making any such final commitment. Louis Rasminsky, Governor of the Bank of Canada, with whom they made this agreement, confirmed it in his own testimony. Gordon was vindicated. Citibank officials discredited Canada's independence demonstrated for all the world to see.

So far, good. The new Minister of Finance, Mitchell Sharp, had taken the same stand as his predecessor, Walter Gordon. The revision of the Bank Act presented by Sharp contained the same restriction drafted by Gordon: no bank would be allowed to expand in Canada if more than 25 percent of its shares were owned by a nonresident shareholder. As a result, this meant that Citibank's purchase of Mercantile became virtually worthless, since Mercantile's operations were too small to be profitable, and their expansion was expressly forbidden unless Citibank sold three quarters of the Mercantile shares presumably at a loss.

This result, however gratifying to Canadian pride, had not been achieved without tension between Ottawa and Washington. The U.S. State Department intervened energetically on the side of Citibank. U.S. officials were a bit crestfallen when the MacFadden memo tabled before the committee revealed that Gordon's version of the 1963 meeting was the true one, and not Citibank's, but this did not change their position.

"We're not really interested in who said what to whom," said Rollis Smith, former U.S. embassy counselor in Ottawa and now head of the State Department's Canadian division in Washington. "What bothers us is the combination of retroactivity and discrimination [against the U.S.] in this new law."

We fully understand your concern about the extent of American ownership in Canada, and we don't intend to take any issue with your clear right to establish any ground rules you like. We might privately doubt the wisdom of these rules, but we would make no representations against them. Our concern is for U.S. companies entering Canada under one set of laws and then having the rules changed after they get there."

Did Smith think the Citibank dispute would have a serious effect on Canadian-American relations in future?

"I think it will leave scars. What that may mean in practical terms, I just don't know — I'm not trying to inject any threats — but this is a bad precedent. It's bad for prospective American investors in Canada, but it's also a bad example for other countries — bad for their attitude toward American investors, and bad for American investors' attitude toward them."

What effect would it have on future U.S. laws?

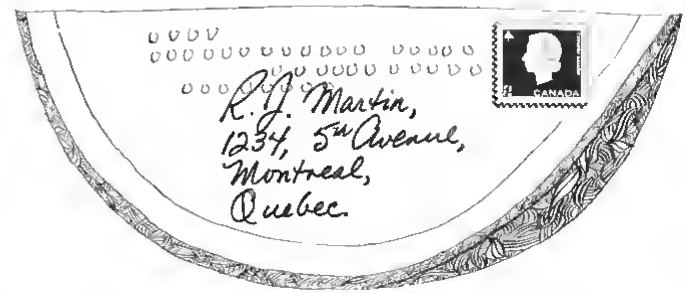
"Again, I don't know. Obviously, though, if there were something before Congress of interest to Canada, you'd be able to count on less congressional support than before."

This prediction had already been confirmed to some degree. Congressman Paul Fino, Republican from New York, in January introduced a bill to provide federal control over "Canada's multi billion-dollar banking empire in the United States," as a press release from Fino's office called it.

"Now that Canada has made it clear that U.S. controlled banking in Canada is to be irrationally limited," Fino said in an open letter to President Johnson, "the United States must take appropriate steps to show Canada that such financial nationalism does not pay. U.S. banking law should speak softly but carry a big stick, so that Canadian banks in the United States can be enticed as Canada proposes to entice the U.S.-controlled Mercantile Bank. I urge you to swing your powerful support behind this bill so that we can show Canada we mean business — so that for every dollar of U.S. banking operations in Canada interfered with, the Comptroller of the Currency will have power

continued on page 84





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The Canadian Pulp and Paper Pavilion AT expo67

How will U.S. investors react? "You've got them scared"

to regulate the tenfold greater Canadian banking empire in this country.

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Fino announced his bill as a match for one introduced in the U.S. Senate last year by Jacob Javits, Republican senator from New York and often mentioned as a Republican vice presidential nominee in 1968. Unlike Fino, Javits had no desire to pick a fight with Canada. He called a press conference in Canada in reporters to point out that his bill had no reference to Canada and was introduced before the Mercantile dispute came into the open.

But in a conversation in Washington recently Javits made no secret of his view that Canadian legislation against the Mercantile Bank was a mistake. He doubted that the U.S. government would reinstate — "You'd have to press as pretty hard — but as for U.S. investors — I think you've scared them."

That was also the opinion of the more pessimistic among Canadian officials in Washington and Canadian bankers in New York. None had met overt hostility or even criticism — partly perhaps because Citibank is a tough competitor whose troubles aroused more glee than sympathy. But the Canadians knew that this apparent tolerance could be misleading.

"What counts is not what they say, it's what they will do," said one. "When an opportunity comes to invest in Canada will they do it? Or will they put their money somewhere else?"

No clear answer to this question has yet emerged but some people in Ottawa as well as Washington and New York were worried by it.

Bryce Mackasey, parliamentary secretary to the minister of labor and a member of the Commons committee on finance, went off to New York on his own initiative to talk to Citibank people. He told Sharp and Prime Minister Pearson that he was going, but he neither asked nor got authority to make any deal. His object was merely to break the ice and apparently he succeeded. Later more official though still cautious talks were held between Citibank and Clayton Elderkin, special adviser on banking to the Finance Department.

Two suggestions emerged. One was that Citibank might reduce its percentage of ownership in Mercantile not just by selling off shares at a loss but by increasing its authorized capital and selling new shares to Canadian investors (a step that would require Canadian cabinet approval). The other, more immediate, suggestion was that Citibank should be given more time — say five years — to expand Mercantile up to a profitable size *before* being obliged to cut down to 25 percent ownership.

In the Commons finance committee

continued on page 87

PARADE

A bird in the hand can't be trusted

A fellow in Ingelow, Man., took his new bird dog hunting prairie chicken. He tramped all morning before getting his first shot, but he got the bird, and he was delighted when his retriever got to it almost before it landed



and quickly laid it at his feet. Thinking the way things were going he might get another shot and wanting to give the new dog a further workout, he picked up the bird and threw it far out into the tall grass. It flew away.

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HOLLYWOOD

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"If you look under the phony tinsel of Hollywood" said Oscar Levant, "you can see the *real* tinsel." Most of Hollywood's real tinsel is red tinsel. The movies were there in the beginning, are now and ever shall be. Recently though the bulk of Hollywood's film product has been leasing television networks in the U.S., Canada and scores of other countries around the world. Filmed TV series — miles and miles of effervescent pap — now support the studios in much the same way that B pictures once did.

It is a bitter irony that Television, which nearly killed Hollywood in the 1950s, now keeps the place busier than it has been since World War II. The movie men *had* to embrace TV to survive. For a long time they refused. One studio — 20th Century-Fox — actually shot down but while most others latticed. Film production shrank from a high of 600 features a year to fewer than 150. U.S. movie attendance from 90 million admissions a week to 30 million. Even now, weekly attendance is only about half what it was in the dark ages before TV, and the movie industry is only turning out about 200 films a year, many of them made abroad to cut production costs. Hollywood, the television capital, is a hive of localized activity, manufacturing the equivalent of 600 feature films a year. Hollywood, the movie capital, has spread out to become in effect wherever the studios pitch their pasteboard camps.

Hollywood, the town, is a disappointing, physical entity. Much of it is a vast wasteland of tar-tits, harlots, small jerky stores and pairs of boys in too-tight trousers. Sunset Strip is a mad mad world of topless and all-but-bottomless chic joints, teeny boppers with elevenses of the glitsies and an air that is faintly blue with pot smoke. The place looks, some one recently said, like a wallie iron that has committed suicide. The Hollywood of myth and magic exists only in the false fronts on studio lots, le lofted restaurants and nightspots and in the good life as lived in the canyoned cul-de-sacs of sultry, debutante Hollywood is, largely, a state of mind.

Many dedicated movie men still think — or *act* as though they still think — that cranking out ladder-loy television's terrible tapeworm is no more than a stop-gap procedure. It is fairly clear though that Hollywood's future is dependent on TV despite a recent resurgence at the box office. The new pattern is the production of fewer, bigger and hopefully better movies, using pieces from TV film series and from sales of old movies to the new hum. The problem here is that there aren't enough old movies left — only a few hundred and most of them dogs. This has led to a frantic network scramble for recent movies not yet seen on television, including some not yet seen anywhere. Going one step further, NBC teamed up with Universal Studios to co-produce a number of two-hour films to be screened mainly on television, three in theatres. The first TV movies have been uniformly awful in quality — "Grade Z potboilers" says one executive anonymous Universal spokesman — but they have racked up impressive ratings with the home audience.

This points up an interesting and from the studios' point of view encouraging fact, namely that most television viewers would rather watch a movie any movie, than almost anything else on the tube. Great movies, of course, get great ratings. One night last September ABC screened *The Bridge On The River Kwai* and 60 million viewers tuned in wiping opposing programs off the ratings charts. The right to screen *Kwai* cost ABC two million dollars — pure gravy for Columbia Pictures, since the film had long since paid for itself immediately following the *Kwai* screening, three Hollywood studios announced deals with two of the networks amounting to $92 million for the right to screen 113 films. For $92 million Hollywood could produce dozens of ordinary movies. 20th Century-Fox could have rented out *Cleopatra* three times.

The most expensive movie ever made, *Cleopatra* is representative of the studios' willingness to spend fortunes on sure-thing epics and woo thing stars, most of whom have not furnished themselves by stinging to appear in television series. For the real tinsel of Hollywood is still big screen stuff. The box office success of pictures such as *Cleopatra* the TV success of old movies such as *Kwai*, the enormous ratings of the eventually televised Oscar hoedown — all these things prove that the home screen has never caught except by reflection the glitter of the movie capital. Hollywood is dependent on television but only for the easy bucks. It will continue to put its best footage forward in the theatres of the world, this autumn.



"I'd better hang up, Ethel, we're moving furniture."

Sharp-Gordon compromise: a thin patch over a wide split

February 22. Mackasey moved an amendment to this effect. Sharp indicated he was willing to accept it (though his own idea had been to allow extensions of time at the cabinet's discretion up to a *maximum* of five years). But the Mackasey version, with the fixed time of five years, passed the committee unanimously and went into the draft bill for presentation to the whole House of Commons.

Apparently though it had not been presented to the cabinet. Walter Gordon, the Minister Without Portfolio whose special task is to make a survey of American ownership in Canada (and whose special conviction is that American ownership jeopardizes the independence if not the very existence of Canada) reopened battle on the whole issue of Mercantile and threatened to resign if the welcome mat were thus spread for First National City and presumably the competitor U.S. banks that would follow.

The Gordon group could not care less about soothing the wounded feelings of Rockefeller, MacFadden and company. They think American banks should be kept out of Canada. Gordon told Cuthbank in 1963 to stay out, Cuthbank ignored his warning, let it take the consequences. Far from being allowed extra time to get down to 25 percent of ownership, Cuthbank and any other foreign invader should, instead, be reduced to the 10 percent limit that applies to Canadian bank shares in general. (Nobody Canadian or foreign is to be allowed to acquire more than 10 percent of any bank's stock, though individuals who already hold more than 10 percent are not in the present draft of the bank bill obliged to sell off their extra shares. Thus Cuthbank, owning 25 percent of Mercantile, will enjoy a permanent advantage over all other banks in Canada, not only American but Canadian as well.)

Sharp, on his side, felt he had given his word to the Cuthbank people (who this time at least had been dealing in entire good faith) and that he could not go back on it. The difference of opinion was patched up. Sharp presented the bank bill in the form it had passed the committee, but he accepted (by prior arrangement) two amendments that sharply reduced the advantage allowed to Mercantile. One replaced the five year period of grace with a period at the cabinet discretion *up to* five years. The other forbade Cuthbank to acquire any new shares in Mercantile until Cuthbank's holding had been reduced to 10 percent.

But to many observers, this looked like a thin strip of paper over a wide and deep crack. The difference between Sharp and Gordon seems to them to be fundamental not to be resolved by any mere form of words. The two men have almost opposite views on what is good for Canada.

The men who back Sharp don't share the apprehensions of the Gordon group about American intrusion into Canadian banking. Some of them say quite openly that American competition will be a good thing for the rather stodgy, rather conservative Canadian chartered banks. Some Canadian bankers agree or so they told the Commons committee on finance.

Whether these contradictory views can be reconciled within the confines of a single cabinet and caucus, the next few weeks will show. If they can, and the Liberal government's days of greatest strain still lie ahead. ★

PARADE

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You can't tell us that biculturalism isn't making itself felt in untold ways. Just look at this Careers ad in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* inserted by a Quebec mining firm looking for a "research project engineer." Requirements called for a degree in chemistry, metallurgy or industrial engineering with the added admonition: "Knowledge of French essential but not an asset."

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MAILBAG

Life with a tiger / Make us honest!

I FULLY AGREE with Blair Fraser's *The Chinese Civil War That Never Was* (Reports). Don't believe everything you read in the papers. I have seen Russian Communism in action. Communism, Russian or Chinese, based on built with guns, bayonets, chains and blood and stands on terror, hate, propaganda and lies. Russian Communists built a "New Soviet Man" fully indoctrinated and brainwashed to serve the purpose of Communism, while annihilating all their opponents. The Chinese are doing the same thing today. Leaders in Russia have changed, but not their ideology. Leaders will be changed also in China, but Communism will remain. All because of Western ignorance. An old Chinese proverb says: Don't play with a tiger in any possible inside the tiger."

V. ANSHUMN, KIRKLAND LAKE, ONT.

The Pill

"Refreshingly different" describes Doug Ian Marshall's *The Surprising Social Revolution We're United With The Pill*. The astounding thing is that all this revolutionary family planning is still against the law in Canada. Section 150 of the Criminal Code bands any kind of birth control advice as an offence tending to corrupt morals. When is parliament going to repeal this law and make an honest woman out of Canada?

MRS. BARBARA CONBURY, TORONTO

* Gentlemen have used hormones to induce changes in heredity. They observed at least two generations before forming conclusions. The Pill should be similarly tested before being pronounced safe.

Historians of the future may regard 1960 as the start of the Pill Plague when women inflicted many and diverse genetic defects on their grandchildren. Why? They thought that they should be free in order that sexual drive whenever their hormones moved them.

IRENE M. MILES, KNIGHTS, BC

* I predict that in a century or so, our society will be flourishing with mobs of talentless women whose bodies and souls will have lost all dignity through the constant use of the Pill. They will have become so aggressively so independent and so selfish that men will be terrified of them. The words "womanliness," "tenderness" and "self discipline" will have disappeared. The Pill in making women into things and toys. How can a thing, or a toy, reach the quintessence of womanhood?

MRS. I. LIDDI, COMPTON, MONTREAL

"The old whammie"

Thank you for June Andersen's fine article on Yvonne Antelin. The number of *Hurt To Touch And Hold A Woman* (Ordinary Reviews). I think the reason we managers like her so much is that she takes our problems seriously. In my book she is No. 1 (next to the Monkees, of course).—LYNN BELL, TORONTO

* The reason teenagers like Miss Antelin is because her looks really work. They learn as how to act like ladies instead of like bums.

RUTH MICHAEL, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

* Say why doesn't somebody send Miss Antelin to Quebec? Maybe some of her *sympathique* would make some of those separatists forget about politics!

BERGE HAGG, AGINCOURT, ONT.

* Men react to her methods as though somebody put the "old whammie" on them. But I do not share my friends admiration for her. All I can say is that you adults have created a pretty sick society for us to go into. Unfortunately my fellow teenagers appear to be quite willing to marry on your traditional phoniness.

SUZANNE GELL, TORONTO

UC2?

In Roy Peterson's *Peterson On The Prowl* (Reports) we are shown a shrivel of an American dollar bill and a Canadian dollar bill. On each is a serial number. Do I detect a Peterson joke and have I decoded it properly? On the Canadian bill: T42-24T00 (Tea for two — two for two)... on the American: 007HC02 1007. I am you, too. — A. BURTON, VANCOUVER

You do and you have.

Free speech and Mr. Lewis

I hope David Lewis, deputy leader of the New Democratic Party, takes to heart your Editorial *Tell Us Mr. Lewis What's A Dominion For?* in which you say in part: "It was a mistake he regarded to apply the principle of free speech to a spokesman for neo-Nazism." Addendum: "People who resented [the CBC interview with Adolf von Thadden] should be demanding to hear more, not less, from and about von Thadden." I hope Lewis realizes how many votes his party will lose by his irrational, painful speech. I for one will not vote for his party any more unless the NDP shows through actions that they are against any kind of oppression of hate against any group of human beings.

VILMA FICHIREZ, CLARKSON, ONT.

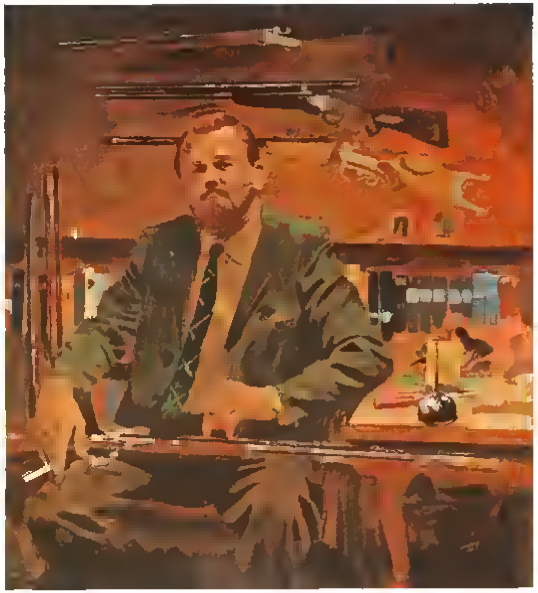
* The best thing in your January issue was David Lewis's *We Are An Elite Of Welfare*. Here where I am working in Lesotho (formerly Basutoland) there is a situation similar in some respects to that Canada finds itself in in regard to the U.S.A. A small, desperately poor country has the chance between selling out to wealthy South Africa and so sacrificing the independence she has just received or remaining practically free but subject to an increasing degree of poverty. Canada has no such certain choice but we Canadians should prefer to drop down in faith as south in the list of most prosperous nations and to call a halt in our rising standard of living in order to preserve our independence and to play an independent role in world affairs.

C. M. HOLLIDAY, MASERU, LESOTHO

Pith and pother

In *The Caribbean Our Sunny Next Frontier* a photo caption begins: "Pith helmets once symbolized white supremacy." Rubbish. White people wore and wear helmets to protect their craniums from the sun. Actually "pith helmet" is a misnomer when applied to the military helmet. A pith helmet is usually a civilian article made of a pith and much thinner than the army helmet made largely of cork. The white supremacy angle has been overplayed by misinformed writers. — R. I. THYNE, SUTTON, QUE.

continued on page 90



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CN the fast freight throway

Caribbean: partnership, not charity / "Sheer provincialism"

* You just made a home run — Nicholas Steed's *The Pleasures Of Paradise* was it. — H. I. FULLER, WINNIPEG

* We really should help these people, even if it means taking them into union with Canada. But do you think French Canadians would like to have so many more English-speaking people joining us?—H. MARSHALL, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

* Superficial articles. That high rate of literacy didn't just happen. Five generations of business, government and church leadership left a legacy more significant than Harry's Nitery. Nowhere do we read of the splendid University of the West Indies whose campus spreads from Jamaica to Trinidad, of the community development programs, the sugar workers' welfare and self-help housing programs, the scores of colleges and hundreds of schools. This too is the Caribbean and looks not for condescending and patronizing charity but a vital and viable partnership based on mutual understanding and respect.—REV. LAWRENCE A. PURDY, PORT CREDIT, ONT.

* We do not owe the Negro a place in our society. We are under no obligation to the Jamaican immigrant. Granted there must continue a sense of tolerance.—ANGUS G. CLARRY, TORONTO

No offense — comedy

Solange Chaput Rolland's *"A Stranger In We Own Land"* didn't offend, wound or sadden me. I found it a mixture of terribly boring cliches and hilarious comedy. What could be more boring than the whining tone and chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, both of which are wearing very thin?—E. TAYLOR, OTTAWA

* She, like many of her friends, demands the right to live her life as she pleases, but denies others the same privilege. Since she is not likely to be able to replace Canadians outside of her beloved province with her stereotyped test-tube mail-order brunchild, she will have to learn to live with us or be an outsider. People for some reason insist upon being themselves which I think is a great idea.—J. LOEWEN, WINNIPEG

* If these people do not leave Confederation soon, the English will find a way of emancipating themselves from this race. — JAMES WATT, GALT, ONT.

* She says: "This kind of international bilingualism has no Canadian reality," referring to Toronto's France-Orient French School. Here we have the crux of the matter. Such an attitude is not one of culture, progressiveness nor pride of race, creed, language, nor even self-preservation. It is sheer provincialism which I suspect the rest of Canada has now however reluctantly, forsworn.—A. GORDON WICKENS, BLAC POINT, NS

* After reading the article, I now see Quebec as being a province of pampered poltroons.—MRS. FAYE EBEN, PRINCE GEORGE, BC

* So much hogwash, written by a typically biased Canadian of French extraction.—M. G. BEECHER, GREENWOOD, NS

It ain't easy, baby

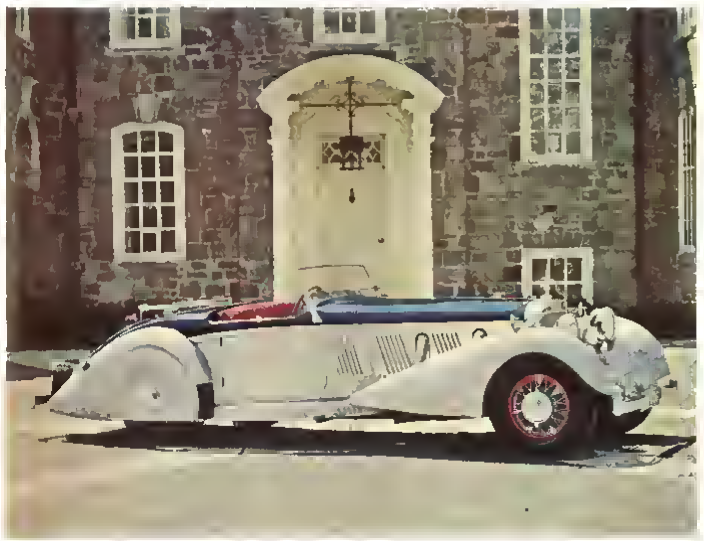
Re Jeannine Locke's *Health Is Beauty, Baby*. Health is work, baby. It is getting leg-dislocating, bone-crunching work. Boring work, too, by the time you do 50 or more sit-ups, side bends and hip rolls. Beauty is not of the question for most of us. But yes, I do feel fairly fit!—MRS. W. SIDIE, ISLINGTON, ONT.

Death of Christ

In *A Scientist's Post Mortem On The Crucifixion* (Reports), Derek Cassels says: "For nearly 2,000 years Christians have believed that Christ died of exhaustion on the cross of Calvary." The fact is what Christians never believed. *Matthew* 27: 45-56 describes the passing of Jesus Christ. Twice that section mentions the strength of His voice. And finally: "But Jesus gave one more great cry, and died." The last sounds of a man who dies of exhaustion would be a whisper or a whimper, not "a great cry." Jesus said: "No man taketh it [my life] from me, but I lay it down myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again."—F. S. MILLER, MSPH, CHEB, SSSR

* What Dr. Jacques Bréhant has to say, as reported by Cassels, had already been said by Jim Bishop in his book *The Day Christ Died*, which was published *in 1957*. Said Bishop: "The cause of death in Roman crucifixions was never loss of blood. It was almost always asphyxiation. The details provided by

continued on page 92



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NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE, OTTAWA

After Bishop, what's Brehant got? / Why wait for tragedy?

Brehant — about the breaking of the lings of those being crucified the position of the cross carried by Christ whom the nails were driven in — all what given by Bishop. Has Brehant discovered anything new?

MRS. J. DALTON, QUEBEC, QUE.

* The details of Christ's crucifixion were reported in a book *A Doctor At Calvary* by Pierre Barbet, MD. 17 years ago. Also it is misleading in libel an artistic conception as tradition. — REV. L. E. POWER, S.J., LITTLE CANADIAN MISSIONER, TORONTO

George Sinclair replies

You owe a round of apologies for misleading and offensive journalism in your April issue (*Their Guys Are Trying To Sell You Something* by Jack Batten). First you own an apology to the members of the Special Joint Committee on Consumer Credit (Prices) for describing them as "these rubes" and as "carping nit-pickers" — name-calling for which there is no justification whatsoever. Secondly, you owe a personal apology to one member of that Committee, Mr. W. Warren Allmand, M.P., for smearing at him with "oh, Lord — this Warren Allmand" — Allmand snipes, and attributing to him "silly nit-picking." Your third apology is due to me for interpreting all your remarks among quotations from the Hansard report of my testimony before the Special Joint Committee. It is impossible for any reader not to believe that your remarks upon the Committee are in fact mine. This is a flagrant misrepresentation. For the record, Mr. Batten had one brief interview with me during which there was no comment on the Joint Committee whatsoever. The chairmen of the Committee can naturally hit and yours. — G. G. SINCLAIR, PRESIDENT, MACLAREN ADVERTISING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Jack Batten's article (in our opinion a first rate piece of journalism) examined the role of the modern advertising agency by describing the operations and the people of Canada's biggest advertising agency. In the passages referred to by Mr. Sinclair, comments attributed to him were taken from the Hansard record and were placed in quotation marks. Comments not in quotation marks were of course those of the writer.

A terrible price

Re *The Lonely Death Of Charlie Wenjack*. What a terrible price the poor child paid for a bit of education! The needs of our Indians have been ignored for far too long. What are the federal, provincial and municipal governments waiting for — more child tragedies?

MRS. NORMA HIGGINS, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* This is only one of 10,000 similar stories which could be told about Indian people right now. Indian lands are being stolen from Indian people every day. The attempts to move Indian people ahead have failed because the community development officers are useless when they come under the religious heed of the reserve, who is always a white man. If the development officer does not follow the orders of the religious, then his appraisal is turned and he is fired. The long string of failures of ministers of Indians in the government has been a blank mark and a tragedy. One was worse than the other. Now we have a man who seems capable, Arthur Laing, but he seems to find his hands and his wishes being blocked by political and religious considerations from outside and by the basic hostility against Indian people by the "bilingual" employees of his department! — KAHN-TINETA HORN, CAUGHNAWAGA INDIAN LAND, QUEBEC

* I need To take young children and send them many miles to an "alien environment is horribly cruel.

MRS. E. RITCHIE, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* The school is anything but "bleak" and "institutional." A large, red-brick building, it faces on Round Lake. The students have built lawns, play areas and an outdoor rink. Integration into the local school system allows these children to learn and develop on an equal footing with "whites." They are hardly cut off from their families, even in Charlie's case. Three of his sisters were also living there. Why did Charlie Wenjack die? Because the white man made an attempt to provide him with an education which would enable him to earn a decent living, and to provide himself and his human children with some of the better things in life, which would enable him to pass on his culture with dignity — not a culture of drunkenness and semi-starvation? Or did Charlie die because adult members of his own race let him set out for a destination 400 miles away with only matches in his pocket?

MRS. K. J. MORTON, KLNORA, ONT.

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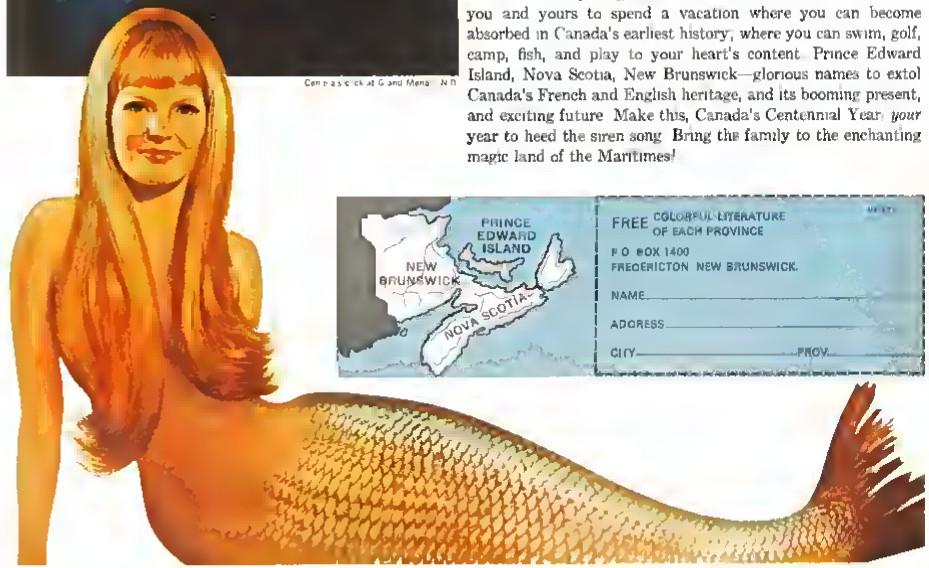
The rugged scenery of N.S.



Campbellcroft at Glen Menai, N.B.

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Heed the call of the sea—the siren sound of the Maritimes is abroad in the land. Listen, and you'll hear the restless surf, the indrawn hiss of a returning tide, the crash of wave on rocky shore. The unique sights and sounds of the Maritimes beckon you and yours to spend a vacation where you can become absorbed in Canada's earliest history, where you can swim, golf, camp, fish, and play to your heart's content. Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick—glorious names to extol Canada's French and English heritage, and its booming present, and exciting future. Make this, Canada's Centennial Year, *your* year to heed the siren song. Bring the family to the enchanting magic land of the Maritimes!



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"Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo"

Singing and dancing come naturally to Newfoundlanders. Many of their folk songs go with a dancing lilt, like the famous "Tse the By that Builds the Boat" with the chorus

"Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo,
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown
Fogo Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
All around the circle"

These are the happy people visitors will meet in the outports, many now linked to the paved Trans-Canada Highway by improved roads. others visited by cruise ships. Yet, they remain unchanged. You'll hear the English of Shakespeare, or perhaps accents of the ancient Basque tongue now spoken nowhere else in the world, and you'll certainly hear the Gaelic brogue. This is only one among the many colourful attractions Newfoundland offers. The island is vast, unspoiled and rich in history of North American settlement, struggle and progress. See where the Vikings landed in 1001. They called it Markland, or Land of Forest. John Cabot came over in 1497 and named it New Founde Isle. That one stuck. Visit the oldest city in all North America—St. John's—it dates back 460 years.

If you're an ardent fisherman, Newfoundland is made for you. Salmon and trout abound in rivers and lakes, mighty tuna in coastal waters...as well as many varieties of salt water fish. For the hunter, bear, moose and caribou, ptarmigan and ducks provide plenty of excitement.

Hotels, motels and camping grounds welcome the tourist. Magnificent scenery awaits the click of your camera. And everywhere there is the clean smell and mystery of the sea.

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Mail to: Newfoundland and Labrador Tourist Office, Dept. MM 72, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Who's crying now? / $15 makes $100

Logic?

Ir commenting on the proposed removal of the Criminal Code all-arms from Post Office cash-prizes (*Is This The Winner Of Our Discontest?* Reports) Alan Edmonds states "But 15 years ago a similar proposal ... created the soil of public outcry that can only be alleviated by pressure groups dedicated to preserving our assured divorce laws, to banning booze opposing corporal punishment — and to returning the Union Jack as the national flag." Edmonds is employing the circular technique of the smear. Applying Edmonds' logic and concern for truth one can conclude that those in favor of removing the Canadian coat-of-arms are all divorcees, alcoholics, convicted murderers and inveterate anarchists.

JOHN M. MONK, OTTAWA

But to win

As a systems writer and racing speculator I am inclined to believe the method used by Mike Kelton would be slow poison to most bettors (*If You Can't Beat The Horses, Why Is Mike Kelton So Rich?*). Risking $100 to gain $15—although perhaps a nice profit in other terms of investment — is not what I would recommend to most horse bettors. Far better, I think, is for the bettor to go for a price and invest $15 to make $100. This can be accomplished with one win payoff of seven to one or more. A rugged bettor might play a low-priced principle of hard-capping, then refuse to invest on any horse at under [e]ir say-[ins] to one. And bet to win only! —

G. A. DAVIS, NEW WESTMINSTER, BC

Operation feather ruffle

Oakley R. Fanning of Buffalo NY says Uncle Sam is "fighting for Canadian interests" (Mailbag). I am one Canadian who is tired of hearing how wonderful Uncle Sam is, and I think Canadians should ruffle the Eagle's feathers more often — MRS. E. BEACH, ANCASTER, ONT.

Out the window?

I protest vigorously the content of the controversial TV program *Sunday* (Nov. 27). I protest vigorously the TV program *Nightcap*, described as *Maclean's* by Sandra Perodo. I likewise protest all other destructive TV programs to which youth today are so frequently exposed. I protest vehemently the publication in *Maclean's* [re]commended reading in Canadian schools [libraries] of author Nicholas Monsarrat's distorted views on sex, teenagers and divorce. Are our spiritual values flopping out the window?—CLIFFORD F. EDWARDS, INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS FOR ANNAPOLIS COUNTY AND DISTRICT OF DIGBY, BRIDGETOWN, NS

Don't miss "magika"

Greatly enjoyed Alexander Ross's article on the Czech client at Expo (*How To Sell A Little Country Big*). I have been twice to Prague and heartily recommend it to tourists. But Ross dismisses it far too lightly. Joseph Svoboda's invention, *Interna magika*. I've seen it and was enormously impressed. The mixture of live actors with filmed material was simply stupendous. I would advise all visitors to Expo not to miss it. If you are going to Europe see it in Prague.

F. M. GAVILLER, TORONTO

Who is Nancy?

Re *School Is For Nancy*, by June Callwood. I am a former "Nancy," now in the third year at university. High school taught me this: get those marks or no one will give a damn about you. You drive yourself to the verge of a nervous breakdown, you get those marks—and then you discover that no one gives a damn about you anyway. Your achievement in a laurel for the school.

RUTH NICHOLS, VANCOUVER

✱ Miss Callwood is wasting her time. Most of your readers are the parents of Nancys and quite satisfied with the plodding progress of their progeny.

MRS. LINDA GAUTHIER, TORONTO

In a word

Hooray for Michael Field and his new cookbook. *Michael Field's Cooking School* as described in *The Food Lover's Library*. "Gourmet cooking" is a misnomer and the misuse of a French word first, because a gourmet is a person and second because many things termed gourmet cooking are applied to food which in the most lenient sense could only be called bourgeoir cooking. The throwing of a glass of wine into a stew does not move it into the realms of *haute cuisine*.—MRS. MARY BULLOCK, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND ★

ARE YOU HEALTHY?

continued from page 4b

crease bed capacity by 20 percent.

St. Paul's work is being done with an eye to providing experience on which any hospital can build a multi-program.

One of the most important studies on the results and implications of screening was done in Canada, at the Toronto General Hospital by Dr. D. M. Young, director of the hospital's labs. In cooperation with doctors at the peripheral clinics, the lab ran 30 tests on 1,000 patients. Doctors were given the results of only the tests they requested, and after they had diagnosed and treated patients Dr. Young showed each physician the results of the unselected lab work.

The doctor had to decide whether in his opinion the lab findings supported his diagnosis. If an abnormality showed up, the doctor had to decide whether it warranted recalling the patient for further testing. Diagnosis of 27 of the patients (three percent) was significantly modified as a result of the screen-up process. Patients were forced to have conditions ranging from unsuspected diabetes and gout to asthma and anemia.

Dr. Young doesn't think that his study will bring a flood of screening in Canada — hospitals lack the facilities and cash to expand their already overworked and short-handed labs. But he does believe that widespread screening is on its way. When it does come, he says, doctors will have to weigh the advantages of recalling patients (on the basis of testing which is either defective) against the anxiety that it arouses in patients. Doctors and patients, he says, will have to be weaned from the still prevalent notion in Canada that medicine is an act and drug and that doctors are infallible.

SHEILA H. KIRBAN

MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

MAY, 1967 VOLUME 80 NUMBER 5

The Monkees? Man, the last train from nowhere

THE SOUND was familiar. *All-a-my-a-ee-e-e-e-e!* It swelled off the floor of the arena like a great expanding balloon until it threatened to squeeze out the walls. The scene was familiar too. Eighteen thousand teeny-boppers, tricked up like so many miniature Chers, blushing the sides of their ironed hair and blowing their tiny minds. They screamed and wept and moaned and in the darkness of the building they carried on their restless search for some new terrifying and elemental level in their lives.

But not *really* terrifying because this was Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto on a Sunday afternoon early in April and the 18,000 teen-agers and pre-teenagers were acting out one of the familiar and accepted rites of the 1960s — turning their emotions loose on four young men who wear their hair long and play rock 'n' roll music. It could be the Beatles or the Rolling Stones or the Lovin' Spoonful. It doesn't matter that much whose group it is. It's the kids' ritual that counts and the ritual is essentially an innocent, a kind of funny thing. It's just something that's all about youth.

The group this April Sunday happened to be the Monkees. The hottest property on records and TV in the 1966-67 season. But — hold on — there was something not quite right about the Monkees up on the Gardens stage. They didn't just stand there and offer their music like the other groups. They moved around the platform like directed dolls. They were mannered and they played to the teeny-boppers shamelessly. Their music, when you could catch traces of it through the bedlam, displayed none of the attractive complexity of the Beatles or the good warm sound of the Lovin' Spoonful. These guys compared to the rest were mechanics.

And the truth is that the Monkees aren't quite right. They are the result of perhaps the most massively cynical enterprise in recent show business history. The operators who conceived the Monkees and manipulated them into a billion-dollar industry make the PR man who bribed teenage girls to swoon for Frank Sinatra in 1942 seem like a model of rectitude.

The Monkee operation got under way in the fall of 1965 when two Hollywood producers, Robert Rafelson and Bertes Schneider, placed an ad in the show-biz trade papers for "Folk & Rock Musician-Singers For Acting Roles In New TV Series. Running parts for 4 insane boys, age 17-21." Out of the 437 boys who auditioned Rafelson and Schneider judged four to be insane enough to carry their projected comedy series about the heart-warming adventures of a happy band of rock 'n' rollers. Michael Nesmith, an out-of-work protest singer; Davy Jones, a tiny English exjockey who'd appeared on Broadway in *Oliver*; Mickey Dolenz, a retired big-beat singer; and Peter Tork, another down-on-his-luck folkie (Tork's father lectures in English at the University of Saskatchewan).

For the following few months, Rafelson and Schneider kept the four winners locked in a studio with an acting instructor who drilled them in the principles of "od hi" performing. And while the boys were learning how to improvise the producers were industriously at work shaping up a format for the series by hooting comedy routines from the Marx Brothers screen personalities from the Bowery Boys and film techniques from Richard Lester, the man who directed the two Beatle films. And yet another master manipulator, Donald Kirshner — who isn't known in pop music circles as "The Man With The Golden Ear" for nothing — was spending long hours over his tape machine in an effort to create a distinctive Monkees sound — though "create" is hardly accurate since the Monkees' ultimate style was, and is, a blurred Xerox of very early Beatles' music.

The result of all this cunning labor was Instant Money. Last autumn the TV show turned into a hit in North America and Britain. And why not? The first shows in the series had already been revamped to suit the tastes of a preview test audience of typical teenagers. The Monkees' first two single records, *Last Train To Clarksville* and *I'm A Believer*, each soared over three million in sales even though they owed more to Donald Kirshner's electronic magic than to the Monkees' voices. (Whatever is jarring or irritating, Kirshner says, "you can just bury electronically".) The first two Monkee LPs sprang into first and second place in album sales, and when the Monkees ventured on the road this spring, they lured in bigger audiences than the Beatles had a year earlier. The 18,000 teeny boppers who crammed into Maple Leaf Gardens paid slightly more than $91,000 for the privilege of screaming.

And then inevitably there were Monkee by-products: Monkee buttons, Monkee books, Monkee dolls. Monkeemobiles, a Monkee green wool hat like the one Mike Nesmith wears. You can't get your hands on the original hat — it's been cast in bronze — but if you have $15,000 to invest you can purchase a franchise for a Monkees Soft Drink Niteclub.

All the Monkees people started to feel rich. Maybe too rich — greed has recently begun to rot in Kirshner got word that he might be short-changed by Schneider and hired a battery of lawyers to look after his interests. At the same time, two Hollywood producers reputedly brought a suit for $6,850,000 claiming that Schneider-Rafelson stole the Monkees idea from them. In April the Monkees fan club in Canada dissolved apparently in an argument over who should divide the potential spoils. And even the four Monkees themselves were beginning to grow just a little dissatisfied with their lot. "The music had nothing to do with us." Mike Nesmith told one reporter referring to the first Monkee records. "It was totally dishonest."

But the Monkee empire is holding together. The producers, the TV network, the bookers, the record company, the Monkee manufacturers: all the people sharing in all that money will see to that. The Monkees will endure — at least until the teeny hoppers in places like Maple Leaf Gardens clore their mouths and listen for just a little while. Then they might hear the ring of a crass and cynical promotion.

JACK BATTEN

The Monkees in Toronto: cynical hilarities on demand



Books

Day of drums, book of minutiae

Perhaps Manchester should have sued. His history is Time magazine gone berserk

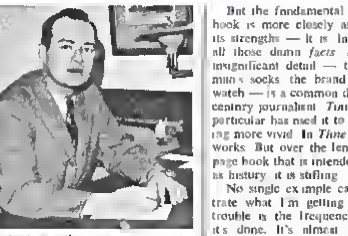
AS NEARLY as I could tell, the public arguments that preceded the publication of William Manchester's study of the events of November, 1963 — the murder of John Kennedy — centred around the matter of what politicians call images. Who would look bad? Would revelations about Bobby Kennedy's attitude to Lyndon Johnson start a wave of anti-Kennedy feeling? Did Jackie Kennedy really express a dislike of ...? And so on. I don't suppose there's ever been so much speculation by so many about a book so few have read.

Now that the book is out (*The Death Of A President*, Fitzhenry and

With this column freelance journalist Peter Gzowski formerly Maclean's television reviewer returns to the Yellow Pages as book critic. His comments on the noteworthy new books — Canadian and foreign — will be a regular feature in future issues.

Whiteside, $12.50), it's hard to see what they were all so worried about. Manchester has gone over all the actions of all the central characters with as fine a comb as one man can handle. He has dug and probed and ebecked and cross-checked — and set down all his findings with enormous care. And what have we learned? Not much really. That Jackie Kennedy behaved with almost unbelievable courage and stamina; that Lyndon Johnson is a hard man to understand; that Bobby Kennedy is capable of resolute action — and that under the strain of grief, some people act strangely. If there has been a reputation damaged, I'd say it is Manchester's own.

True, even before the publication date Manchester hadn't exactly made himself look like a saint. Did he or did he not sign an agreement with the Kennedy family about when and how the book would be released? He did. And simply as that. Whatever one may think of the wisdom of accepting such conditions — as a writer I can't think of anything *less* wise — it's hard to admire him for breaking them. His explanation in *Look* magazine (WILLIAM MANCHESTER'S OWN STORY) scarcely helped his cause. Larded with phrases about his "noble task" or how a "pedestrian talent" wouldn't have caused a controversy at all and replete with all the invorable opinions his own editors had delivered to him, it was one of the whiniest little pieces



Manchester: nai thai
dkabla nai an histarian

of self-justification to slide onto the literary scene in years.

Still the book could have saved him. Likableness as a literary personality isn't a prerequisite for creating a great book as people like Norman Mailer and Truman Capote (well you like your favorites and I'll like mine) have proved even in this decade. And surely quite a lot of whining and agreement-breaking could have been forgiven in the name of great literature.

But great literature, I'm afraid, *The Death Of A President* isn't. Great research, yes, and even great organization but a great book... in the terms that its publishers (and unfortunately, its author) have asked it be measured by... no.

Part of the trouble lies in a couple of characteristics of Manchester's writing style, which in spite of the fact that he has rigidly stayed away from using the first person, work to keep his own personality swimming between his readers and his subject. One of these devices is his censor but annoying habit of referring to all his characters by their first names. Jackie and Bobby I suppose we might forgive him. But Lyndon? Or Dean? And Bill ... er, Manchester, even extends his habit to people whose last names we have to keep looking up — secret service men, pilots ... even doctors.

More seriously, Manchester is a very judgmental writer, which is one thing among us book reviewers but another among people who pretend to be writing definitive histories. The cast of *The Death Of A President* seems almost to be divided good guys and bad ones, with Jacqueline Kennedy heading up one list and, oh, J. K. Galbraith (Ken) heading up the other. Occasionally, Manchester's reasons for his likes and dislikes are made clear: he admires, for instance, anyone who had great difficulty changing his loyalties from Kennedy to Johnson in the first days after Kennedy's death. But too often his choices seem almost to be arbitrary — except in the even more unpleasant instances such as that of Pamela Turnure, Mrs. Kennedy's secretary, when the list of the unfavored coincides with the list of people who were not always fully cooperative in Manchester's research.

But the fundamental failure of the book is more closely associated with its strengths — it is in the end, just all those damn *facts*. Reporting the insignificant detail — the color of a man's socks, the brand name on his watch — is a common device of 20th-century journalism. *Time* magazine in particular has used it to make its writing more vivid. In *Time* frequently it works. But over the length of a 700-page book that is intended to be taken as history, it is stifling.

No single example can really illustrate what I'm getting at here. The trouble is the frequency with which it's done. It's almost as if having learned something, Manchester has been unable to resist writing it down. But to take one at random anyway: "In the park across from Union Station an artillery battery had been chocked up... and to ensure prompt transmission of the word to commence firing the twenty-one-gun mourning salute a portable PRS-10 radio had been placed at a captain's feet by the Capitol's east steps." What possible difference to history the type of radio can make is beyond me. But *The Death Of A President* isn't history. It is *Time* magazine gone berserk.

Over the past few years, the line between obsessive journalism and transient history has been growing thinner. Under which label, for example, could we place the various *Makings* of heads of state, or Peter C. Newman's study of the Diefenbaker years? And many of the books that have in fact been combinations of the two techniques have been superb. But there's a difference. It seems to me between their subjects and Manchester's. John F. Kennedy's death was an experience of anguish for all of us — for Canadians surely... as well as for Americans. Especially because of television it was perhaps our most numbing experience of the realities of history. Even to consider it again in all its detail — no matter how gracefully some of that detail is handled — is to live again the time of weeping.

But for all of that as *history* the events of those November days were really just one giant event. What happened happened. To mine its remotest corners in the name of *history*, to set down every sentence spoken, every act taken may make intelligent publishing. But it is a meagre contribution to the understanding of our times.

PETER OZOWSKI

The Contest

BECAUSE of special Expo coverage in the June issue of *Maclean's*, no contest will be set this month. However, watch next month's issue for Contest No. 16.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 14

Readers were asked to provide a 75-word skeleton plot for an all-Canadian movie. Entries ranged from deadly serious tragedies to bizarre comedies. The serious scripts all seemed to dwell on mental illness, suicide and alienation. The writers of comedy were irresistibly attracted to Canadian politics — especially the Ottawa scene during the last two years. The judges decided to award $25 prizes to each of the entries printed below.

Gunfight at the MP Corral

Two aging gunslingers (John Diefenbaker played by Robert Morley and Lester Pearson played by Lee J. Cobb) agree to a duel after lunch. They walk slowly towards each other. They fire. They both miss and kill innocent bystanders.

RAND MARTIN, TORONTO

The Fisher File

John Fisher vanishes. Rumored he has stolen report of Royal Commissioner Alphonse Ouimet — appointed secretly by Prime Minister Pearson to discover Canadian Identity. Pearson refuses RCMP investigation. Judy LaMarsh vanishes. Pierre Berton seen buying LSD. Police raid Berton house. John Fisher and Judy LaMarsh hiding in basement behind soiled white maple leaf flag — taking LSD to escape reality. Barton starts to cry, reveals secret report hidden in Vol. I of Canadian Centennial Library. Report entitled *Key to Canadian Identity APATHY*.

A. E. NELSON, BURNABY, BC

The sexy movies our teenagers see

Phoebe is their Darling, but the NFB makes sure her denouement is nice

THE MOST popular noncommercial film in Saskatchewan these days is a half-hour NFB production called *Phoebe*, gingerly advertised on the high school circuits of both Canada and the United States as "the story of premarital pregnancy."

Phoebe and two other films, *The Game* and *The Merry-Go-Round*, are attempts by the National Film Board to interpret the pitfalls and joys of contemporary sex for Canadian and American adolescents. (Prints are being distributed in the U.S. by the McGraw-Hill book company.) The films have been receiving such wide distribution and acclaim that they deserve to be considered as legitimate productions. Sad to say, the kids would probably learn more of value by sneaking into almost any adult-only commercial movie.

Phoebe opens with the furtive-morning-sickness-and-strident-nagging-mother-in-the-background scene — which by now has got to be the all-time cliché in unwed mother films. And Phoebe (Dona Saunders) goes on to act out her middle-class anguish about how and when she is going to say, "Mother, I'm pregnant!" against a romanticized version of all the middle class symbols: a boyfriend (John Kastner) who keeps buying Phoebe Goddess of the Moon," and a beautiful abandoned house by a deserted beach — the apparent scene of her seduction. It made me wonder how relevant it all was. I mean, just how many of the 9,000 illegitimate babies Canadian teenagers have each year are conceived amid such beautiful surroundings?

Director George Kaczender made *Phoebe* and also *The Game* which is aptly described by the NFB's Don Duprey as "a film about a kid out to make a chick." The kid does, but with a super-cool that is completely implausible. The performances by Robert Fairley, 17, and Mira Pawluk, 17, are so stilted that it is impossible to ever forget they are in front of a camera. The sex scenes are played so coldly and without any youthful sensitivity that it is enough to turn anyone off sex for a long, long time. The dialogue is atrocious: right out of a B movie. He, on phone: "I guess you were watching television?" She: "No, I just stepped out of the bath." He: "I hope you're wearing something decent." She: "Nothing exciting."

And again there were all the symbols, the white telephones and powerful cars. In the end it seemed to me that both films were offering only one more illusory lifestyle to teenagers who are still uncertainly trying to find their own.

The Merry-Go-Round, directed by Tanya Ballantyne, was only confusing. There were lots of beautiful film sequences of young people skiing together, at parties, in cars together. Every few seconds there were cuts to the warty, middle-aged faces of sexologist Albert Ellis, talking about the advantage of masturbation and Ann Landers saying how *difficult* sex is for young people. In purposefully making the adults sound and look so ugly, the unspoken message of *Merry Go Round* is that adults should leave kids alone and let them find out about sex and themselves in their own way.

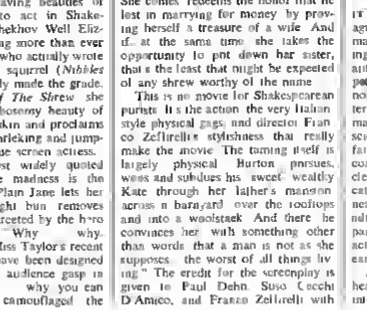
To the Ann Landers and Albert Ellis context this is fine, but it defeats the object of making such movies which is to provoke teenagers into thinking about some of the deeper implications of sex and perhaps to some valid discussion with their parents and other adults.

Phoebe, since its release 18 months ago, has been screened 1,426 times in Canada, mostly before mixed groups of teenagers and their parents. In Saskatchewan it's so popular that the two prints available there are in constant circulation. The NFB's Duprey says: "At first there is a certain discomfort which comes from parents and their children watching such films together. But after the initial embarrassment is over, the discussions held after the film are fascinating." And undoubtedly the films are serving as a vehicle for these discussions. Bob Sims, teacher at C. W. Jefferys Secondary school in Downsview, Toronto, has used the *Merry-Go-Round* frequently in a course he gives in film-making — the only one in Toronto schools. He says: "You can give the kids all the books, papers and magazine articles there are on sex. But you'll never get the same spontaneous reaction as when you put it on film. It really makes them think — perhaps even ponder the realities of their own ideas about sex."

Fair enough — but if it's realism the teachers want to invoke, these three NFB films fall well short of the mark.

IAN ADAMS

Phoebe about to conceive
a middle class statistic



Movies

Liz Taylor makes a perfect Shrew

But Loren is lost in a movie that might have been a 1930 Chaplin hit

IT'S A COMMONPLACE, but true, that "intelligent" actresses love to play vamps while the raving beauties of Hollywood yearn to act in Shakespeare, Ibsen and Chekhov. Well Elizabeth Taylor, looking more than ever like the teenage girl who actually wrote a book about a pet squirrel (*Nibbles And Me*), has finally made the grade. In *The Taming Of The Shrew* she appears in all the bosomy beauty of her dazzling milky skin and proclaims herself—snarling, shrieking and jumping for joy — a true screen actress.

One of the most widely quoted moments of movie madness is the scene where Miss Plain Jane lets her tresses out of a tight bun, removes her glasses and is greeted by the hero with a stammered "Why ... why, you're beautiful!" Miss Taylor's recent career might well have been designed to make a scornful audience gasp in amazement. "Why ... why you can really act!" She camouflaged the beauty that launched a thousand quips to prove her skills. Now she has dared to compete with her own stardom — and succeeded.

Her interpretation of Kate is at once convincing and surprisingly compatible with post-Shakespearean ideas of female psychology. There's no shrew like a beautiful shrew, since beauty in itself is a source of power, and at first her Kate has every reason to scorn the male sex. She can't find any man her equal and scorns the love-sick minnies who run after her sweet blonde sister. But when Burton's Petruchio comes courting, she soon realizes two things: first that he's worth having and second, he won't be easily won, even when wedded. So the story is of a double taming. Once married, Kate immediately starts to domesticate Petruchio's bachelor establishment, even though she won't allow him into her bed. And she is tamed at first only in the sense that she learns to give all the right answers when she wants her way.

The balance of power in this sex war is sustained right up until the very last scene when Petruchio makes the wager on his wife's obedience. Now she could revenge herself publicly for all the humiliations he made her suffer on her wedding day. But as Kate well realizes, this is also her chance to win her husband's love. Her response is not merely tame, but generous. Petruchio asks only that she come. She comes, redeems the honor that he lost in marrying for money by proving herself a treasure of a wife. And if... at the same time she takes the opportunity to put down her sister, that is the least that might be expected of any shrew worthy of the name.

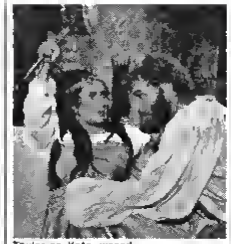
This is no movie for Shakespearean purists. It is the action-the very Italian style physical gags and director Franco Zeffirelli's stylishness that really make the movie. The taming itself is largely physical. Burton pursues, woos and subdues his sweet, wealthy Kate through her father's mansion, across a barnyard, over the rooftops and into a woolshack. And there he convinces her with something other than words that a man is not as she supposes... the worst of all things living." The credit for the screenplay is given to Paul Dehn. Suso Cecchi D'Amico, and Franco Zeffirelli with acknowledgments to William Shakespeare without whom they would have been at a loss for words." But The Bard has not been badly served. *The Taming* has a justness and balance to it that puts it up into the ranks of the best of Shakespearean films.

The Taming Of The Shrew can be counted a triumph in spite of the spell of words. Charlie Chaplin's *A Countess From Hong Kong* is a failure because of the spoken word. The story line is as basic and clear as the situations in Chaplin's two reelers. Marlon Brando is a VIP who is returning stateside to join a frigid wife for the sake of his career. Sophia Loren is a delectable Russian refugee who blows away in his cabin in Hong Kong and refuses to leave. The rest of the story is mainly a matter of traffic control and having enough doors on the set to keep from repeating the same gags in the two hours it takes for Brando and Loren to get together.

Slow and old-fashioned as it is, *A Countess From Hong Kong* is rather endearing, like those old ladies who turn up at parties in the beads and boas of their better days. We may find Chaplin's faith in Romantic Love naive, but it's obviously sincere. We may be disappointed that one of the screen's few undisputed geniuses has nothing more to tell us, but there are enough Chaplin touches to make the movie amusing. And there is one character who brings back for a moment Chaplin's little man: its Hudson (Patrick Cargill), the manservant who finds himself married to Sophia Loren on the strict understanding that he'll keep his distance, the ultimate in wistfulness.

WENDY MICHENER

Taylor as Kate: wanted
and subdued in a wanshack.



Are electric cars making a comeback?

Fuel cells obviously have a future — even though they might not clear the air

IT'S TANTALIZING, Keith Williams agrees. At the turn of the century many a dude and dowager were tooling around Canadian cities in electric automobiles that were seriously competing with gasoline buggies. Then the noisy, poisonous (but practical) internal combustion engine took command. And since then, although no science has progressed faster and farther than electronics, the second coming of the electric car — silent, cleaner and infinitely less complicated — hasn't yet reached anywhere near the production stage. Williams admits, although some big car companies and private experimenters are actually testing electrically powered cars disguised as conventional models.

And he should know. Williams heads Shell Oil's research in Britain into fuel cells, the "super batteries" which are the most advanced of self-contained electrical power units. Williams was in Canada to talk with Canadian scientists on the present state of his research and to supervise the installation of a large fuel-cell powered mobile in the British Pavilion at Expo 67. (The most dramatic use of fuel cells is in space vehicles and they're also used in navigation buoys, remote radio transmission stations and other installations that must operate for long periods without servicing.)

To the military the silent, compact power cell is an attractive proposition. A 500-pound generator produces the same power as a diesel plant eight times heavier. Williams says that one is soon to be given field trials in Vietnam.

The fuel cell is basically a battery that never needs charging. Like a conventional battery it produces electricity through chemical reaction but keeps working as long as it is fed oxygen (air will do) and fuel. Hydrogen is the usual fuel but is explosive and must be stored in heavy containers under pressure. The hunt is on for a fuel with fewer problems.

The Shell scientists are not surprisingly looking for a petroleum based fuel. They have come up with hydrazine, a high-energy fuel too costly ($1 a pound) for commercial use and methanol, which needs a separate and slow working system to convert it into hydrogen.

The conventional acid battery meanwhile has staged a small comeback. In Europe and North America a fair number of delivery trucks railway platform luggage wagons and warehouse loaders use battery power.

The unhappy fact though, is that even if batteries of either type eventually take over from the gasoline engine they will not do what they have been widely touted for—put an end to automobile air pollution. The U.S. Federal Power Commission points out that the multiplication of acid-battery motors (which need overnight charging) would require hundreds of new power stations along highways, each pouring coal or oil smoke into the air. And, adds the FPC, "fuel cells may also yield deleterious products."

TONY SLOGA

An electric car in trouble;
medium prospects are better



CHECKLISTINGS

A critical glance at the things Canadians will watch, read, listen to and talk about this month

PEOPLE

Ross Malcolm will never again questiou the power of the press The 65-year-old Montreal stockbrokir wrote a letter to the editor of the Montreal Star suggesting a wey to end the an nual seal massacre Why not he asked sell "Save The Baby Seal" buttons at one dollar each and use the proceeds to reimburse seal hunters who quit the trade? Overnight his plan was adopted by the SPCA which hopes to raise from button buyers the $180 000 the sealers earn each year If the plan works, the only losers will be the fur industry

Bayolsh Bassett, a 17 year-old Wd low Bunch Sask high-school studeut, has suddenly become one of the dar lings of the U S State Departmeut Bassett wrote a speech for the pro vincial oratory competitiou *defending* the U S positiou iu Vietnam and sent a copy to the Americen embassy in Ottawa Next thing he knew his speech and covering letter were being distrib uted across the world by the U S Ioformation Service Interesting side light he cites as source material *Time* and the Regina *Leader-Post* (both sup port the American positiou)

BOOKS

Vimy, by Herbert Farrie Wood (Macmillan of Cauada $5 95) is e movzug and definitive account of the churning, sickening, triumphant battle tha Canadian Expeditionary Force fought 50 years ego this Easter Old soldier Wood's portraits of tha geu erals show seasoned insight (ha is pro Byng and anti-Haig) while his land scapes of the preparations and the battle itself are masterpieces of co hesive detail Wood concludes that Vimy was Canada's Agincourt the proving ground for an adolescent na tion. Perhaps — but Agincourt was cheap while Vimy cost 10 000 men More to the point the oafish Haig completely lacked the touch of Harry in the night

The Boston Strangler, by Gerald Frank (General $7 50) Tha night mersh confessions of Albert DeSalvo to the 13 stranglings that held the women of Buston iu a grip of paralyz ing terror But *The Boston Strangler* is more then that It is e detailed docur mentation of a police force writhing frustrated and impotent And e por trayal of the other victims e women who committed suicide, mistakenly thinking the Strengler was after her e man whose reputation was ruined by e mistress who sought revenge by namieg him the Strengler the unlucky suspects who became the obsession of certain detectives and the 300 women DeSalvo raped before he was finally arrested It is also about the unbeliev able gullibility of women who live alone

MOVIES

To Like Filut Comic extravaganza about nuclear intrigue and a female conspiracy to take over the world with the help of so help me, hair-dryers This violent nonsense holds up sur prisingly well thanks to superhero James Coburu Fiut the man who knows how to beer it and grin

How To Succeed In Business Wtth out Really Trylng Director David Swift should be made to watch *Guys and Dolls* one huudred times for hav ing messed up one of Broadway's best musicals. Robert Morse breaks through the mediocrity barrier as the window washiug hero on the rise, and newcomer Maureen Arthur oilers added compensations as a floozie with lots of flow-floy

The Quiller Memoraodom Cryptic secret ageat stuff with neo-Nazis In stead of Commies as bed guys and George Segal as a thoroughly confused good guy Berlin is grim Max Von Sydow creepy and Claire Bloom dis turbingly sweet First rate script by playwright Herold Pinter but it's a puzzlement right to the end

Africa Addio Thoroughly shocking documentary about Africa today Ital ian film maker Jacopetti has a great nose for news but is not above invent ing, faking or provoking it if he doesn't happen to have his cameras in the right place at the right time The result is a maddening mixture of courageous truths and scandalous lies

Fehrenheit 451 Ray Bradbury's science fiction story about a book burning society Director François Truffaut Julie Christie (in two deli cious varieties) and Oskar Werner all try hard to make us feel the horror of a world without books but somehow it's the book people who end up seem ing crazy A curiously piece

TELEVISION

If you don't think you'll make it to Montreal this summer relax Both net works will be carrying a weekly series on Expo both in color and happily at different times (CTV **WS At Expo,** begins Sun Apr 30 10 p m EST; CBC **This Week At Expo** begins Tues May 2 9 p m EDT)

Festival *The Things I Cannot Change* Probably the best one-hour film the National Film Board has ever done Director Tanya Ballantyee and her crew moved into a Montreal slum and lived with a migrant worker from the Maritimes and his family of nine children In a bitter-sweet movie they show that the only way you are going to destroy a man as a human being is to kill him (CBC Wed May 3, 9.30 p.m EDT)

Festival *Lady Windermere's Fan* Oscar Wilde's comedy of sparkling wit and gay 1890s manners starring Patricia Collins and Peter Donat (CBC Wed May 10, 9.30 p m EDT)

The Public Eye A film of the voy age of an American Quaker group on a 50 foot ketch as they traveled to North Vietnam with a load of medical supplies (CBC, Sun May 14, 10 p m EDT)

Show Of The Week *Sandy* She used to be known as the girl with the long legs but now that she is all of 24 redhead Sandra O'Neill doesn't need the great legs image and is known as the girl with the great voice She sings and dances (CBC Mon May 15, 9 p.m EDT)

PLACES

Hurtig's Bookstore, 10411 Jasper Ave Edmonton It may or may not be the largest retail bookstore in Can ada (Louis Melzack is the chief rival) but is certainly the only one that puts Barry Goldwater's *Conscience Of A Conservative* on the fiction shelves It's presided over with literary dash ded publicity flair by 34-year-old **Mel Hurtig** who has recently branched out into the publishing field with a series of international editions printed in Japan and distributed simultaneously in the U S Canada and England



Mel Hurtig the literary conscience of the Prairies

What makes this venture really bold is that many of the books are reprints of long-forgotten early Canadian titles

Mooicouagan Tovern If you'd like to drink in a bit out of the-way place, try this saloon in the bush country 135 miles north of Baie Comeau, Que The tavern probably the largest in the country seats 575 and was built to satisfy the thirsts of the 3 000 con struction workers on the Manicouagan No 5 dem project The men drink their way through 19,200 bottles of beer a week and to speed up service only one brend of beer is sold each day The tavern's busiest period is between eight and 10 in the morning just after the men come off the over night shift.

RECORDS

The Mamas And The Papas. Elec tronic wizardry of RCA Victor and producer Lou Adler make this Mod quartet sound like the most exciting group on the pop market Electric vio lins, echoes, drums organ and piano were all added electronically and never did nor could exist as a live performance Hero button goes to RCA Engineer Bones Howe who should really be called composer (DS 50010)

Hoodel Rodchoda All the rage in London of 1725 this obscure opera is given royal treatment in a sump tuous three-record Westminster set Canada's Maureen Forrester makes her operatic debut on records as King Bertarede — a role originally sung by a *castrato* In the title role Teresa Stich Randall gives a dazzling per formance A special brevo to Ontario's John Boyden who also makes his re cording debut in the well-sung bass role of Garibaldo (WST 320)

Rossini Semiramide Joan Suther land and Marilyn Horne star in an obscure opera of 1823 and transform the work into a vocal showcase for London Records As the love-stricken Queen of Babylon Sutherland finds a role to match her dramatic yet ornamental technique Canadian bari tone Joseph Rouleau of Quebec revels in the villainous role of Assur Ornate and powerful his *bel canto* style is well paced by conductor Richard Bonynge who in real life is Mr Joan Sutherland (OSA 1383)



Easter, 1917 Canadians trudge towards the slimy slopes of Vimy Ridge After three days, 10,000 were dead, wounded or missing.



The Dam Builders

These youngsters are building the world's largest dam. Sure, it's all in their imagination, but isn't that what progress is supposed to be all about?

For example, imaginative minds at International Nickel were responsible for the development of special nickel alloys that are now used in the construction of some of the world's biggest dams.

Imaginative minds at International Nickel are also continuing to search for better ways to find, mine, smelt and refine Canadian mineral resources, thus helping to develop this country's economy. We are proud of the role nickel plays. For more than sixty of Canada's one hundred years, International Nickel has been a vital factor in its development. It will continue to be a progressive, imaginative partner in the years to come

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